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ART. I.—*Histoire de la Restauration.* Par A. de Lamartine. Vols. I. and II. Paris : Pagnerre & Co. 1851.

*The History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France.* By Alphonse de Lamartine. London : Vizetelly and Co. Vol. I. 8vo.

FULLY to comprehend the causes which rendered a democratic republic the only thing which could take the place of the fallen monarchy of 1848, the student of contemporary history, who seeks to understand the progress of society and civilization, must go back to the fall of the empire and the short reign of the Bourbons—from 1814 to 1830. Several writers have already treated the subject with ability and power, but generally without some of the documents necessary to a perfect comprehension of these important events. As we increase our distance from the time, new materials are found : men of note and consequence pass from the scene, and either leave historic memoirs, or confessions, which, though generally highly coloured, are, when carefully sifted, the best data for the historian ; the public archives of various lands are opened up ; passion and partizanship become less extreme, and the writer is able to form a more calm opinion than in relation to purely contemporary events. Of the numerous productions, chiefly huge pamphlets of problematical value, which have been published in France relative to the Restoration, the only ones

regarded as good authorities are those of Lubis the Royalist, and that of Vaulabelle the Republican.

They are both, however, strongly tinged by the peculiar theories of their writers. M. Lubis is a worshipper of divine right; looks upon the monarchy previous to 1789 as all but perfect; speaks of a long line of good kings who made their subjects happy and France glorious; regards the revolution as the monstrous consequence of Protestantism; and tells as something very terrible, a fact which is both true and one of the brightest glories of the Reformation:—'Protestantism,' he cries, 'founded on the spirit of revolt, and not on the spirit of reform, of which it usurped the name, tended to establish in politics the authority of the subject, as in religion it had substituted individual authority for the authority of the Church; *from this time dates the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people.*'

Vaulabelle, who has used the materials of Lubis, and has industriously collected together others of great value, writes on exactly the opposite side, but with far more impartiality than his predecessor. His sympathies are all with the revolution, its victories, conquests, and the mighty results which will ever remain when its crimes and follies are forgotten. But he is not so violent a partizan as Lubis. He neither likes Napoleon nor the Bourbons; but he does not calumniate either. He is severe, and facts bear him out in his severity, but then he does not anathematize and call ugly names, like our fiery Royalist; and his work is, on the whole, a valuable contribution to the history of France, or rather to the materials out of which that history will one day be written.

A new work on the subject is now before us from the pen of Alphonse de Lamartine. The poet statesman has again turned historian.

As a work of art, the history of Lamartine is truly magnificent. It is written in a powerful, seductive, and entrancing style, less flowery than usual, but still a little poetical and exaggerated. It is not the style of the severe and chaste historian, but of the epic poet, the dramatist, the romancist. The narrative of the fall of the empire never, however, was better told. It sounds like a funeral oration, and an address to an army before battle, combined in one. We hear the tramp of the armed millions of the north, marching with sacrilegious tread along the highways which lead to Paris, that mighty city, which has so influenced the whole world for good or ill; we see the faithful and indomitable soldiers of the beloved emperor crowding with enthusiasm around him; we behold the wearied and sickened population, decimated by war, the widows, orphans, and childless fathers, turn away with lassitude and disgust; we



gaze on the butterfly troop of soldiers and courtiers, who desert their master in the hour of peril; we live through three hundred entrancing pages, with that man against whom all Europe is justly leagued, and who deliberately prepared his own prodigious fall. It all passes like a panorama before us. We seem actually to hear and see at the same time.

The exciting scenes of that crumbling empire, its gigantic proportions founded on a sandy basis, the characters and acts of the men who are the *dramatis personæ* of this great and lugubrious tragedy, a nation exhausted by twenty years of war and despotism, passing under the yoke of a restoration brought about by foreign bayonets; Paris, France, Napoleon, the allies, all pass before us with a power and eloquence rarely equalled. It is perhaps too dramatic, too poetical; but the student of history probably never found a series of real events more admirably grouped. The pen of the narrator is everywhere, at Fontainebleau, at Chalons, with the allies, in the private room of the emperor; and each time that the scene changes, so consummate is the art of the author, that you seem to feel an absolute necessity for going with him wherever he wills to take you. Now he is solemn and elevated, now tender and subdued; now he speaks in terms of triumph, torn from him by his love of his country; now in accents of genuine and heartfelt sorrow, which take their rise in the same generous motive; presently he pours forth the irritated notes of sarcasm against those who betray and sell; and at last, sits in severe but somewhat partial judgment, on the great conqueror of the civilized world, now crushed and fallen. He is pitiless, stern, severe, inflexible as destiny, precisely at the moment when, if at all, we sympathize with, because we pity Napoleon.

Lamartine's work is not that which the philosophic student of history would choose; it is not a production which would suit statesmen or politicians; but to those who wish to feel breathless interest, who delight in gorgeous pictures, in poetic descriptions, in dramatic scenes, in elaborate characters, in historic parallels, the work before us will be truly welcome. There is too much straining for effect, too much theatrical glitter, too much of Homer, too little of Herodotus. It is, in fact, the romance of history, with scrupulous fidelity in the great leading facts, but a minuteness in details which looks like imagination. As usual, except when speaking of Napoleon, Lamartine is lenient to all men, siding with the party about which he is writing, excusing many faults, and seemingly anxious to fill his portrait-gallery with as many heroes and heroines as possible.

The political tone of the work is democratic. Lamartine looks upon the republic as the necessary result of progress.

Since he wrote the Girondins, he has evidently advanced in the path of politics a step, but all is dreamy, visionary ; we see none of the sound sense and practical suggestions of the statesman. We feel that we are perusing the pages of a man of words, not of action : a man who must evidently shine as the eloquent orator of his party, but who is fit neither to lead a section of public men, nor to govern a country. We find plenty of dogmatic and positive maxims, but no reasons ; plenty of opinions, but no irrefutable arguments. Democracy, in his mind, is evidently the result of impulse, imagination, a reflection of its possible future mighty results, a vision of illimitable progress, a dream of universal happiness. He has none of the positive faith and innate belief of Cavaignac ; none of the logic of Proudhon ; none of the stern conviction of sincere republicans. He neither believes with Vaublanc that republicanism will go round the world, nor with Lubin that even the United States will become a monarchy after one successful soldier shall have been elected president.

We purpose to analyze the work of Lamartine, rather than to compose an essay of our own on the Restoration. For this purpose our notice will be a brief narrative of the fall of the empire and the commencement of the Restoration, with translations of all those passages which best illustrate the style and character of his new historical production.

Napoleon, after carrying fire and sword throughout Europe, in a vain attempt at universal monarchy, was preparing to defend himself against a coalition of indignant sovereigns. He found France, when he took the reins of government, palpitating with hope. But now the mighty soldier, after sacrificing nearly a million of men in one campaign, appeared about to allow the soil of France to become the battle-field. From all but God, Napoleon became a man ; the nation stood still, stupified, amazed, its blood, ever alive before, now ceased to beat, its eyes were opened. Power, empire, adulation, insatiate ambition, the habit of beholding all yield to him, had enervated and weakened the mind of Napoleon ; the campaign of Russia was a blunder worthy of a fifth-rate general, and before defeat he stood amazed. A peace was possible, one which would have assured the throne to himself and his dynasty, but only the throne of France. This he refused, and the coalition was formed. Napoleon now felt that he was about to play his last stake, that victory was safety, that defeat was ruin. He was no longer the Bonaparte of Italy and Egypt, but he was still Napoleon.

The empire had aged him before his time. Satisfied ambition, pride satiated, the delights of palaces, an exquisite table, the soft couch, young wives, accommodating mistresses, long hours of watching,

sleepless nights, divided between labour and festivities, the habit of riding, which thickens the body, had stiffened his limbs, and enervated his senses. Precocious obesity overloaded him with flesh. His cheeks, once veined by muscles, and hollowed by the consuming fire of genius, were full, large, heavy, like those of Otho on Roman medals. A tint of bile, mixed with blood, yellowed his skin, and from a distance gave a pale gold varnish to his face. His lips had still their Attic cut and firm grace, shifting easily from smile to menace. His solid and bony chin was fit basis for his features. His nose was but a thin and transparent line. The paleness of his cheeks deepened the dazzling blue of his eyes. His look was searching, restless as a flickering flame, as uneasy thought. His forehead seemed to have widened, as his black hair fell from his temples, chased by the moisture of continuous thought. His hand, naturally small, seemed to have increased in volume, to give space to the combinations and mechanism of a mind where every thought was an empire. The map of the globe seemed encrusted on the world-map of that head. But it began to bow. He often let it bend forward to his breast, folding his arms like Frederick II. He affected this attitude and gesture. No longer able to seduce his courtiers and his soldiers by the beauty of youth, it was clear he wished to fascinate them by a character at the same time rough, pensive, and disdainful of himself, of his model in latter times. He stood the statue of reflection before his troops, who had christened him *le Père de la Pensée*. He assumed the attitude of destiny. Something rough, restless, savage in his movements, revealed his southern and insular origin. The Frenchman scarcely concealed the man of the Mediterranean. His nature, too great and too powerful for his part, overflowed everywhere in him. He resembled none of the men around him. Superior and indifferent, man of the sun, of the sea, of the field of battle, out of place in his own palace, a stranger in his own empire. Such, at this time, was the profile, bust, and exterior physiognomy of Napoleon.'—Pp. 22—24.

He arrived in Paris on the 9th of November, 1813, defeated, almost crushed, all the frontier invaded, and yet such was the system of police no man knew it. But Napoleon did. He ordered his council to double the taxes, and raise a levy of 300,000 men. The levy was ordered, but the men came not. He had but his eighty thousand old soldiers to rely on. After leaving his capital, his wife, his son to the National Guard, he started for Chalons. Here he again became great, for here he was a soldier once more. His position was terrible.

France was against the emperor, recruits came not, conscripts fled, all men sighed for peace, and yet Napoleon had certain victory in his hands. Ambition and irresolution alone annihilated him. Eighty thousand men in Spain, commanded by old Republican generals, thirty thousand at Naples; fifty thousand in the kingdom of Italy, forty thousand in Belgium and Holland, a hundred and twenty thousand round Mayence and



beyond the Rhine, were uselessly wasting their energies in a vain attempt to keep these dependencies of the empire. Recalled at once, they would, with his own army, have made up four hundred thousand men. He had already waited ninety days, during which they could have been concentrated round Paris. With such an army, and such a general, every corps of the coalition would have been beaten in detail, and an honourable peace would have been easy and certain. But then he confined the empire to France, he gave up his conquests, and though the resolution often came to his mind, he never took it. He trusted to his star and his eighty thousand men to oppose the four hundred thousand which at once marched to surround him.

He attacked Brienne, where Blucher was entrenched with vastly superior forces, defeated him, lost six thousand men, the same number at Rothieres, and then retired to Troyes, to hear alarming reports from all parts of the empire. Now another chance was left him. He could still have concentrated two hundred thousand men round Paris, and have made a desperate stand. But he remained at Troyes, irresolute, undecided, trusting in part to the friendship of his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, unable to believe in the fact that empire was failing him, negotiating, thinking, when he should have been acting with the vigour of his youth. Again offered a treaty which would have left him France, he refused, then accepted, then refused. His correspondence with Joseph, who governed in Paris, shows his indecision. He talks of victory in one letter, orders them to prepare to leave for Fontainebleau in another, boasts that he will yet impose peace, and then, when too late, attempts to try the system of concentrating his forces. Blucher and Schwartzberg were both marching on Paris, Napoleon advanced, cut his way through a hundred and twenty thousand Russians, gained a sterile victory, attacked seventy thousand Prussians under Saken and York, with twenty-five thousand men. Defeated them. In vain. He had no army of reserve, no one to back him, or the campaign from that hour would have turned in favour of France. So convinced was Napoleon of the necessity of driving back the enemy from the neighbourhood of Paris, that he wasted precious time in chasing the Prussians. But he met Blucher, and a battle, more unequal, more terrible, and more glorious than ever, took place in the plains of Montmirail. If Napoleon could, with his wretched fragment of an army, make such stupendous resistance, what would he have done had he collected his scattered forces, and concentrated everything in the defence of the capital? But with his victories he resumed his pride, and he refused to treat with the allies. Meanwhile, the other armies of the coalition were

quietly marching on Paris. Reinforced by the small force of Marmont and Mortier, he rushed to meet the forces coming up by Melun and Fontainebleau, fought near Montereau a terrible battle, gained a stupendous victory, a victory, however, perfectly useless. The allies had almost decided on a general retreat, and would gladly have treated for peace, but Napoleon again wasted time in irresolution and in avenging, in the blood of a gentleman of obscure position, a trumpery demonstration in favour of the Bourbons.

The allies sent a demand for a suspension of hostilities. Napoleon hesitated and demanded a night. In the morning disastrous news came to him; Blucher, having effected a junction with several retreating corps, was marching directly on Paris, only defended by Marmont and Mortier, with a corps of seven thousand men each. Napoleon pursued him by forced marches, and came up in time to see him safely on the other side of the Maine, after destroying all the bridges. Two days were spent in again building bridges, and then the imperial remnant crossed. Blucher was now almost a prisoner, surrounded by Napoleon, Marmont, Mortier, and checked by Soissons. But Soissons surrendered to Wetzingerode, when a few hours' resistance would have changed the fortunes of the war. The army of Bernadotte also joined Blucher, now at the head of a hundred thousand men. Napoleon with his thirty thousand veterans attacked him; driven back, his position became desperate, and he took refuge at Rheims after a bloody contest for that town.

'The emperor remained there three days to reorganize his feeble corps. On whatever side he looked, he saw no route free for his army, save the route he could cut through five armies. Despatches scarcely reached him. He was reduced to conjectures. He wandered, as it were, blindfold in his provinces, falling on a new enemy at every step. Deplorable and fatal consequence of his want of resolution and concentration at the commencement of the campaign. His heroism even turned against himself. No genius and no resources can supply the general sense of a situation. Offensive war in a war generally defensive, wore him out, deceived him, dethroned him.'—Pp. 120, 121.

While wasting his time in pursuing Russians and Prussians, Napoleon had allowed the Austrians to come within a day's march of Paris. Trusting to a city of a million of inhabitants defending itself, he advanced towards Troyes to place himself in the rear of Schwartzenberg. At the very rumours of the presence of the emperor in Champagne, the Austrian two hundred thousand men retreated nearly as far as Dijon, and again the allies would gladly have all but sued for peace. But Napoleon feared them with more cause than they feared him, and at last,

when too late, rousing himself to a level with the situation, determined to retreat on Lorraine, the Meuse, the Rhine, Mayence, to collect all the scattered garrisons, and at the head of more than a hundred thousand men to return.

The millions looked on and sighed. In vain Napoleon decreed levies *en masse*, the arming of the National Guard, the insurrection of all patriots, the sounding of the tocsin, guerrilla warfare on the flanks of the enemies. The cannon was not heard, France was mute. The name of Napoleon was the obstacle to insurrection. The nation was weary of despotism. The generals and officers raised by Napoleon began to converse in whispers and to murmur. They knew that a new coalition had been signed, that England agreed to pay five hundred thousand men, and that the overthrow of Napoleon was pretty well decided on. The name of the Bourbons began to be whispered. To the murmurs of courtiers and the representations of his agent and confidant, Caulaincourt, Napoleon replied, 'Reassure yourself, I am much nearer Munich than the allies are Paris.' But, meanwhile, the allies were collecting in overwhelming force; Napoleon thought them close to Paris, and spent six days hesitating between a return to the capital and marching on the Rhine. The allies themselves hesitated. They actually proposed retreating on the frontiers of Germany from fear of being taken in the rear by the mighty general they still dreaded. The Emperor of Russia opposed this extraordinary proposition, and advocated a precipitate march on Paris; a seizure of the heart of the country, the holding out promises to the friends of liberty and of the Bourbons. England was for this course; her advice decided the event.

Napoleon, after long hesitation, turned to march back on Paris, several days too late. By forced efforts he could reach the barrier at the same time as the allies. He wrote to Joseph to hold out ten days, to arm the people and the schools, but if attacked by overwhelming forces to leave the capital with the empress, his son, and the great officers of the state. But the Cossacks were already within sight of the capital. Marmont and Mortier were powerless. Paris knew nothing of the emperor, save that from all sides fugitives fled into the city. The south began to declare for royalism; Lyons surrendered; the government left by Napoleon began to be alarmed; his brothers saw safety only in flight. They dared not take the responsibility wholly on themselves. They summoned a council presided over by Marie Louise, whom they wanted to take the responsibility on herself. She refused. They fixed the departure for the 29th of March. They went away, Empress and King of Rome, amid the total indifference of the population. They were much more



moved when the drums beat to summon the National Guard not to defend the capital, but to watch over their property. But the youths of the schools, the people, rushed to the barriers. The population of the faubourgs asked for arms, and spoke of barricades, but again Napoleon was punished for his crimes against liberty. There were no arms for the people.

Meanwhile Napoleon, with his heroic band, their feet all torn by the road and the snow, moved by forced marches on Paris. Burning baggage and useless equipages, they made 20 leagues a day. But this was not fast enough. Leaving his troops to follow, he jumped into a wicker cart, crossed Sens, where he spoke of 150,000 men behind him, and then advanced in the dark towards Fontainebleau. But the enemies' cannon was round Paris; Alexander was at Belleville; Marmont defended himself intrepidly; Joseph had fled; from the centre of the great city the roar of artillery was heard; Mortier had demanded a suspension of hostilities; Paris had all but surrendered.

'The silence of the cannon told the city that the armistice was signed. The troops moved to the number of seventeen thousand men behind the walls. The people of the faubourgs received them with tears of patriotism and admiration. They forgot the cause. They were moved by their heroism. France pardoned everything to unfortunate courage. Napoleon himself cursed, and execrated a few weeks before, would have had a triumph in his defeat, if, at such a moment, he had ventured to his capital. Pity extinguishes hate; the people were moved—they pardoned.'—P. 150.

But the monied classes were in raptures; they spoke out; they took the place of the government which had fled; they called on Marmont to capitulate; he hesitated, as having no power, to do so, though his army consisted only of 17,000 men to oppose to 300,000. But at last he yielded, and marched his men towards Fontainebleau, according to the terms of the treaty.

The kings entered Paris; the people murmured; the middle classes rejoiced; the royalists vied with each other in servility to the conquering sovereigns; statesmen began to intrigue and plot, and Talleyrand secured Alexander as a lodger in his house.

Meanwhile Napoleon, accompanied by Berthier and Caulaincourt, was galloping toward Paris, his mind racked by doubt and anxiety; in two hours, the chance vehicle he had picked up led him, by narrow lanes and bye-ways, to the plains between Eassonne and Villejuif, nearly to Paris. The night was dark and cold, and not a soul did he meet to tell him his destiny. At last he reached Cour-de-France, and saw in the distance, to the right and left, camp-fires, the flames of the bivouac: who were they? He looked out of the coach, and saw a detachment of disbanded soldiers, taking the direction of Fontainebleau. He began to

storm. A devoted lieutenant of the Empire, Belliard, stepped forward and told him all. Napoleon stood silent, annihilated, cold perspiration poured off him; then rousing himself, he gave vent to his rage in abuse of his lieutenants, ordered all these scattered forces to collect, and make one desperate effort more. But every instant, generals, colonels, officers, arrive, who convince him that all is over. He drew Caulaincourt on one side, and bade him find the allied sovereigns, and sign any treaty. Caulaincourt came back in his hour, unable to cross the lines. Napoleon bade him try again, and then turned on his way to Fontainebleau, where he took up his residence in an *entrésol*. Everywhere his minister met the troops furious, burning with desire to march on the enemy; but

‘ While the last ranks of his army protested with their last breath against ingratitude, the civil and military chiefs with whom he had shared the spoils of the world were making arrangements with his conquerors, and giving up his throne to save their titles and their treasures.’—P. 184.

Caulaincourt, after passing through the gay and splendid troops of the allies, is only smuggled into Paris in the carriage of the Grand-Duke Constantine, and then, disguised as a Russian, to the presence of Alexander, who received him kindly, familiarly, and generously, speaking with affection and respect of Napoleon, but declaring his reign and dynasty incompatible with the peace of Europe. Caulaincourt tried to convince him that the enthusiasm of which he spoke relative to the Bourbons was only a sham, as in truth it was; but Alexander replied, that the nation would have nothing imposed on it. It should choose freely. He ended by promising to advocate the regency of Marie-Louise. But the great trickster, that man of cunning and intrigue, Talleyrand, was at work. He was determined to have the Bourbons, but first himself. Napoleon had always known him for a traitor, but he feared him, and now the astute and ambitious statesman was his greatest enemy. Alexander, the King of Prussia, the Prince of Schwartzenberg, the Prince of Lichtenstein, and Count Nesselrode, met in conference that night. Alexander opened the debate. He spoke in favour of the cause of constitutional liberty; repudiated conquest and despotism in the name of humanity and the dignity of nations; and firmly opposed the partition of France. It was at once decided to dethrone Napoleon. The Duke of Alberg advocated the regency of Marie-Louise, put forth to try the ground by Talleyrand; M. Pozzo di Borgo declared the very name of the usurper's family incompatible with the peace of Europe. The conclave decided that the Bonaparte family should be utterly excluded

from the throne. Bernadotte was then suggested by the Emperor of Russia. In stepped Talleyrand, and, in a cunning, jesuitical speech, made out that there was no chance of permanent settlement of Europe except from the Bourbons, the legitimate sovereigns of France. But the sovereigns declared that they, foreigners, could not decide—it was for the nation to speak. Talleyrand pronounced the name of the Senate, of whom, late so servile to Napoleon, he was sure. A proclamation called on this body to meet and deliberate.

Everywhere royalist committees sat. They were in raptures; all they had to do was, to decide the Senate, to influence its debate, to have the allied kings on their side. A deputation waited on Alexander; his minister, Nesselrode, saw them, and spoke the definitive word, 'Louis XVIII. shall ascend to the throne of his ancestors.' Great was the rejoicing of the monarchists. They prepared to move public opinion; insults and outrages of the grossest character assailed Napoleon; these men, late so meek and mild, lavished abuse on the man to whom but yesterday they had bowed to the ground. Chateaubriand published a pamphlet worthy of an Aretin, a Marat, or a hired libeller, which he had concealed in his desk for months:—

'Napoleon was painted in it under the features of a modern Attila, or under the still more odious features of an hangman, executing with his own hands the sentence for which he thirsts. He was described at Fontainebleau, torturing the conscience of Pius VII., and dragging the pontiff by his white hairs on the cold stones of his prison; this pontiff a martyr to his *complaisance* and resistance to the crowned *parvenu*. M. de Chateaubriand opened every prison, to point out to the people the tortures, the gags, the pretended silent assassinations of his victims. He moved even ashes from those of Pichegru to those of the sick at Jaffa, to drag forth accusations, suspicions, crimes. It was the indictment of humanity and liberty, written by the hands of the Furies against the great criminal of the age. He did not even spare him those vile accusations of sordid avarice and simony which penetrate farthest, and soil the most, in the vulgar and venal mind of the multitude. Robbery, cowardice, cruelty, iron, poison, everything was to him an arm to kill this renown, which he wished to crush.'—Pp. 220, 221.

This bad action, as Lamartine justly calls it, produced mighty effects at the time against Napoleon, though, as its falsehoods and calumnies became apparent, it aided powerfully the restoration of his popularity. The people were puzzled when they heard the name of the Bourbons. It had forgotten them, but wearied of military despotism, it was disposed to receive anything which gave relief from the grinding tyranny of ten years. When flowery pictures were painted of the wise Louis,



the heroic Charles, the admirable Duke d'Angoulême, the Duke de Berry surpassing Henry IV., France listened and smiled.

The Senate selected a provisional government; the municipal council published a bitter proclamation against Napoleon; and an appeal for Louis XVIII. The Senate voted the removal of the Bonaparte family from the throne in a series of resolutions, which were a series of severe accusations against Napoleon, an act of baseness in an assemblage of creatures of the fallen emperor, who betrayed their master to save themselves. All France raised a murmur of indignation against this once servile crew, now so insolent. The Legislative body came to the same resolution, but without preamble. The allies, however, were uneasy, and Napoleon still hoped. Nothing was decided as long as he was at large. M. de Talleyrand, his royalist friends, the republicans, diplomatists, foreign generals, Senate, Legislative body, the National Guard, all despite the vast hordes of foreign bayonets, still trembled at the thought of a bold and desperate resolution on the part of the emperor. They united to implore the marshals to render all movement on his part impossible, by yielding up or disbanding their armies.

Caulaincourt brought to Napoleon the news of his fall; he replied by assembling his troops, and calling on them to march on Paris with him. The men were ready. Napoleon saw this, and he determined to concentrate every soldier he had, and under the walls of Paris to fight a decisive battle. But his officers, those of high rank, thought not of him, but of themselves; they had their peace to make with the new powers, and they were not disposed to risk all in a desperate adventure. They were already negotiating with Talleyrand to betray their master, whom they pretended to adore while fortune smiled. Oudinot, the Bayard of the Republic and Empire, himself cried out against the madness of a chief who wished to play so reckless and desperate a game. Napoleon passed the night in complaints and imprecations. He spoke of his march on Paris the next day as a certain thing. The night passed in these illusions. But though he knew it not, his reign was over.

During the interval which elapsed between the signing of the treaty and the departure of Napoleon from Fontainebleau, but few visitors came to see him, while he himself was revolving in his head, already, the means of regaining his empire. One of the first necessities with him was, reunion with his wife and child. His wife with him in exile, he was sure of the respectful compassion of the world, and the secret favour of Austria. He professed to treat this condition as a matter of course. He forgot how little he had respected such feelings. But neither Marie Louise nor the allied sovereigns were disposed to adhere to this

view of the matter. She evidently did everything to join her father in preference to her husband. Napoleon, however, wrote to her as if he never doubted, giving, while waiting his departure for Elba, various orders relative to his private affairs and interests. He soon found that his wife and son were on the road to Vienna, and then for an instant he doubted. He had fixed his departure for twelve o'clock in the day. He wanted first to say adieu to his army; he did so. But this scene is too well known, and we pass it over, as we must also the historic *résumé* which Lamartine makes of Napoleon's character, which is one of the ablest things of the kind that we know of in modern French literature.

The Bourbons had a magnificent opportunity in succeeding such a man. They had but to be true to the nation, to adopt all that was good in the revolution, all that was practical, had but to unite monarchy and liberty, to be firmly seated on the throne. Seven princes and five princesses returned to France. Louis XVIII., the Count D'Artois, his ten children, the Dukes of Angoulême and Berry, the Prince de Condé, the Duke de Bourbon, and the Duke of Orleans, were the princes. Louis was sixty. During the life of Louis XVI. he had been of a studious, familiar and feminine character—without virility of mind or body. He was superior to his brother Louis XVI. and to the superficial and hasty Count D'Artois, but he tried to hide his superiority under an air of humility. Jealous of the graces of his younger brother, he tried to outshine him in solid acquirements. He studied history, politics, political economy, and government; he wrote much and about all things, light and serious; published poetry and plays. He surrounded himself by philosophers and theory-makers; but though sceptical in religion, and an advocate of reform in the State, he looked upon the Church and monarchy as personally necessary to him. He saw that a revolution was inevitable; he thought himself destined to lead it. On the convocation of the States General, he sided with the *tiers-etat*, as long as the monarchy was not touched, and even then tried to keep up his popularity. At last, however, he fled like the rest.

The future Charles X. was a prince of a past age. He was a Frenchman by his faults, a Frenchman half Louis XIV., half Louis XV., but without a shadow of the grandeur of the first. He was not brave, and some of his own partizans even accused him of absolute cowardice. But he was obstinate in his love of despotism, in his hatred of all progress, all liberty, all enlightenment. Converted to religion by a dying and beloved mistress, he became, from the gay and chivalrous prince, a mere tool in the hands of priests. From the hour of the death of

Madame de Polastron, he servilely laboured for the Church of Rome; his advisers were henceforth its dignitaries.

Lamartine sketches with minute fidelity, in all cases with affection and tenderness, and a tendency to favour them, the rest of the princes and princesses, including the Duke d'Enghien, whose murder he narrates very affectingly. But the great length of this narrative precludes our pausing to analyze it. We must hasten to the real commencement of the restoration.

The Count D'Artois had wished to enter France at once on the rumour of the certain fall of Napoleon. Louis XVIII., more cautious and more wise, was determined to wait until France recalled him. He wanted not to impose himself, but to be declared and found necessary. In this he was wise. But after a brief struggle, he yielded to the counsels of the Count his brother. He took a passage on board some British ships, in search of a throne. But he was as yet called for by no one. La Vendée slept; the South waited; opinion looked on; the centre was arming; the army fought. Paris was still in the power of the Imperialists. In January, the Count D'Artois landed in Holland; the Duke D'Angoulême entered France with the English army coming from Spain; the Duke de Berry sought to land in Normandy, where his stupid agents pretended an army of 50,000 men awaited him. The Count D'Artois found himself entering behind the Austrian army, received with coldness and suspicion. The Bourbon was astounded to find that his race was all but forgotten. His only hope was in the fact, that to the allies Bonaparte was impossible, the Republic hateful, Bernadotte too unpopular. What then? As a last resource, the Bourbons. At one moment, the Count D'Artois felt inclined to return. But, by dint of unblushing falsehood, his agents began to convince the allies of an immense royalist enthusiasm in France. It is true they could not see it—but the cunning of Talleyrand, the complicity of Fouché, the indefatigable zeal of M. de Vitrolles and subordinate agents, and, at last, the want of some government when the regency of Marie Louise was rejected, gave him hope.

The Duke D'Angoulême was worse situated with Wellington. Lamartine speaks in warm terms of our great general, and the passage is worthy of quotation:—

'The English general remained inflexible to the solicitations of the friends of the Duke D'Angoulême, and refused, with prudent and rude frankness, to authorize any encouragement of the cause of the Bourbons, for fear of being obliged to abandon after he had compromised it. The secret correspondence of this general with his government, with the conspirators of Bordeaux, and the Duke D'Angoulême himself, since made public, attest a probity of character, and a caution in giving pro-



mises, which honour his command. Wellington was on the frontier of the South, the general of the British Government. This government was the one which had least cause to be tender with the Emperor. The insurrection of the Pyrenees, of Bordeaux, of Toulouse, might powerfully serve his military plans. The white flag raised in the provinces, on the faith of England supporting this cause, might carry away whole departments and armies from the flag of Soult. Wellington would not purchase these advantages at the price of falsehood, or even of a vague enunciation of his real intentions. He would not expose the royalists to provocation of insurrection without authority, which might afterward expose them to the vengeance of Bonaparte. He did not cease writing to his government to turn it from these excitements to royalism. . . . Five months later, the Duke of Wellington was as cold, and the Duke D'Angoulême languished in the same discouragement. The English army calculated its steps toward Bordeaux on the progress which the armies of Alexander and Blücher made towards the North. The un-failing genius of Wellington was always and everywhere prudence. To advance little, never to retreat; to die on a position once taken; and to leave nothing to future but chance; was the greatness of this English Hannibal.'—Pp. 102, 103.

Lamartine, after showing clearly how innocent Wellington was of any of the royalist movements in the South, returns to Paris, where a few royalists were doing their utmost to get up a fastidious expression of public opinion in favour of the Bourbons; while M. Talleyrand was keeping it down in order to be the arbitrator between the nation and its antique kings. For a long time he backed the Senate in their endeavour to be taken for the representatives of the nation, but they were despised by the public, and their demands were futile. As yet they had not recalled the Bourbons, pretending to stand up for a constitution and the recognition of the people's rights, but in reality battling for their own privileges.

Under these circumstances, the Senate was compelled to vote, on the 6th of April, the recall of Louis-Stanislas-Xavier de France to the throne of France, and after him the other members of the family of the Bourbons in the ancient order. But still Louis XVIII. waited. Certain now of his return, he delayed to make the enthusiasm of the people greater. But not so the Count D'Artois, the favourite of the bigoted and blind faction who wish to rush to ancient despotism, as odious as that of the fallen usurper. He advanced to Livry, and then assuming the title of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, he entered Paris, received by Royalist and Bonapartist chiefs with equal enthusiasm. The Senate waited on him; he received it coldly; the Legislative body did the same; he received it more kindly. His first act was one that commenced his unpopularity. He signed the complete capitulation of France, a disgrace which

Louis XVIII. avoided by taking his time. He gave up all, leaving places and all their ammunitions and artillery to the allies. A murmur of indignation assailed him.

Louis XVIII., temporizing with all parties, remained at Hartwell until the 18th of April, when he started on his way to Paris. He was rapturously received by the masses, by his nobility, by the marshals of the fallen empire; Berthier, Napoleon's friend and confidant, being the most eager. At Compiègne he halted, received a deputation of the Legislative body, and then the Czar of Russia, who came to make an appeal in favour of constitutional liberty. Alexander insisted that the king should consent to a constitution to be drawn up by the Senate. Louis XVIII. refused. He was determined to be king in earnest or not at all, and if he consented to a constitution, to give it of his own free will, or to select at all events its authors.

He advanced to the barriers of Paris, to the castle of St. Ouen, and there he received a deputation from the Senate, written with no other object than that of pleasing the king, and, at the same time, public opinion. They hailed the return of Louis with rapture, as the commencement of an era of happiness, but they insinuated the necessity of a constitutional charter to consolidate the Restoration. The monarch gave a vague reply, and published his celebrated declaration of St. Ouen, by which he promised representative government, and the conservation of the principal conquests of the revolution. By this declaration he pleased the people, all men of sense and reason. But the Royalists were furious. They had kept faithful to their sophisms, their superstitions in favour of unlimited monarchy, and they called this act of homage to the spirit of the age a cowardice. Then, as now, they had learned nothing from misfortune, but the desire for vengeance. The entrance of Louis XVIII. into his capital, under the influence of the proclamation, was a splendid sight. The people came by hundreds of thousands.

The king received the keys of Paris from the hands of M. de Chabrol, gave them back, went to the cathedral with the clergy, and then took up his residence in the Tuileries, surprised at its new master, still covered everywhere by the effigies and portraits of the Imperial family. He treated all his courtiers with attention, the late servants of Napoleon with marked favour, and then when night left him alone with Talleyrand, formed his ministry. It was composed of unknown names, which were intended to be a mystery to the public, leaving their master's intentions undecided and mysterious. They were rather of the higher middle classes than of the aristocracy.

But the king appointed minister of the king's household, in those days of intrigue the most important of all, M. de Blacas, a thorough and obstinate Royalist, who was the intermediary between all others and Louis XVIII. M. Fouché, without having any post, sent in that very night a memoir to the king, in which he pointed out the danger of attacking the revolution too openly, of making enemies of the army, of preparing a vast and powerful opposition whose secret head must be Bonaparte, as all affected to call Napoleon. But the Royalists had no doubt or fear. They wanted, at any price, a return to the ancient order of things. Even Louis XVIII. himself saw no throne without nobility, nor restoration of the monarchy without a corps of privileged gentlemen around him, and he formed his *maison militaire* in a way which ensured jealousy from the army, and discontent among the people.

'The king re-created his military house as it had existed since Louis XIV., and before the reform which the paternal economy of Louis XVI. had made in this expensive luxury of the court. *Gardes du corps*, *cheveu-legers*, musqueteer, halbert-bearer, Cent-Suisses, guards of the gate, guard of Monsieur, Count D'Artois. The rank of officer attributed to each soldier in these bodies, privileges of garrison, court, and palace, led horses, rich uniforms, exclusive residence in the capital or in the towns near it, pay for a simple soldier equal to a cavalry lieutenant, daily familiarity with the king and princes, hunts, journeys, military ceremonies, the hope of seeing this body the future cradle of all the officers and all the chiefs of the new monarchical army . . . caused thousands to enrol.'—P. 149.

But the army murmured; indignation was raised in the breast of the nation. The disbanded officers of Napoleon carried everywhere love of his name, and hatred for the priests and nobles who had come back with the Bourbons. The marshals and other high dignitaries of the empire were, however, satisfied, for they shared with the old nobility the command of the royal guards. But there was another cause of discontent. The invading army cost France eight millions *per diem*, and the allies declined to move until a constitution was proclaimed. The king, driven into a corner, was compelled to appoint a commission, who drew up the new charter. It was prepared and signed. It promised much, yet it was narrow and unpopular. Despite its declaration, that all Frenchmen were equal, that they had a right to publish their opinions, and many other privileges, it placed the suffrage in the hands of an aristocratic few; it foreshadowed the censorship; it gave the king almost unlimited power; it made the Chamber all but registrar to the royal will. And yet for the Bourbons, it was a mighty act of concession to the victories of the people during twenty-five years. It satisfied



the people; it filled the pure Royalist with despair. But the treaty of Paris, with its concessions, its palpable yielding to England, though necessary and unavoidable, raised a general cry of indignation. The king, however, opened the Chambers amidst tremendous applause. His speech was able and conciliatory, he wrote it himself; that of his ministers was unwise and stupid.

It was clear that there was no unanimity. The Royalists were what they always had been—incapable of understanding any rights save their own, any liberty except for themselves, proud, haughty, and impatient of the existence of education, talent, and genius, which had shown itself in the public, enfranchised after long years of despotism. The ministers spoke the sentiments of the future Charles X., of the emigration, of the ignorant and bigoted monarchists who were destined to overthrow the throne in their mad attempt to carry a nation back to the days of ignorance and barbarism, under pretence of serving the cause of religion. The Legislative body began its labour timidly; discussion had been so long repressed that no men were used to it. The ministers were too incapable to lead the way. They began sounding public opinion by means of their police; they began the work of censorship by the hands of a young man since elevated, M. Guizot, who signalized his rise and his fall by devotion to arbitrary despotism. The law presented to the Chamber on this subject was tyrannical and vexatious to the last degree, the first lie given to the promises of the Charter. Both the Chamber and the country restrained their indignation with difficulty. The house had to be guarded by an imposing military force during the discussion. The law was voted after a four-days' struggle in the House of Peers, during which eighty members stood firmly up for the cause of justice and truth.

The Chambers then turned to the financial question of the day. Napoleon left the nation forty millions sterling of floating debt. But the Abbé Louis, minister of finance, was personally equal to the situation, and prepared to meet the difficulties of his post by strict integrity in his dealings. Many writers have been rather hard upon him, but with Lamartine, we are disposed to give him credit for great ability, and a firm determination to sustain public credit. He proposed to the king to sell three hundred thousand *hectares* of forests, the remains of the lands of a Church which three times in thirteen centuries had usurped the whole soil of France. Personally, the king was willing enough, but he feared to offend the clergy, and refused. The Chamber voted thirty-three millions of francs per annum as the royal civil list, and paid thirty millions of debts contracted by him abroad. This munificence made the king think of the poor emigrants, who, like hungry wolves, came barking round him. Many wanted to take back

from their owners of twenty-five years, the land sold by the revolution. But this was to arm a million against the Government. The king, however, only demanded that those still unsold should be given up. No one objected. But the folly of the ministry spoiled all. They, by their organ, M. Ferrand, alarmed every one by the tone of their *exposé* of motives. The owners of national properties were at once in opposition. The Chamber, by its reporter, answered bitterly the reasoning of the ministry. But M. Laine, by an able and patriotic speech, in which he plainly demonstrated the necessity of respecting the rights both of the emigrants and the new landed proprietors, prevented an explosion. In the Chamber of Peers, Marshal Macdonald, in a splendid oration for a soldier used to action only, defended the principle of indemnifying the old nobility; but this very indemnity of forty millions sterling has always been one of the severest arms against the Restoration. Things were inclined to become calmer, but a new ally of the monarchy, a deserter from the imperial camp, soon gave a new element of discord, arousing the feelings of Republicans and Bonapartists, of the friends of glory and of liberty. It was the first origin of a fusion of the Republicans and Bonapartists against the Restoration. General Excelmans had been the companion and friend of Murat, king of Naples. After the Restoration, he wrote a private letter of friendship to the king; it said nothing against the new order, but it expressed regret for a past dear to all soldiers. It was intercepted. The king, who saw it, simply ordered the minister of war, General Dupont, to request him, under present circumstances, to be a little more reserved. But Marshal Soult became minister a few days later, and, eager to show his devotion, ordered the general into exile. Excelmans wrote to the king, saying that his residence was Paris, that his wife was about to be confined, that he was poor, and demanded time. Soult, taking the note as a satire on his wealth, ordered Maison to arrest Excelmans. The general barricaded his house, and braved the soldiers sent to arrest him. They opened their ranks to let him pass.

He then appealed to the constitution in a letter to the Chambers. The country applauded; the Chamber trembled, and was dissolved in November, 1814, and a new one summoned for May, 1815. Louis XVIII. required a little time to get used to his new throne. He had restored to the Duke of Orleans his immense properties.

‘His origin, the complicity of his name in the most bitterly condemned acts of the revolution, his *liaisons* easily renewed with those who remained of his father’s friends, the danger of adding to all these sources of candidateship for the throne this prodigious power

of corruption and this vast army of clients which an ambitious prince draws from vast possessions, had not checked Louis XVIII. He believed in the sincerity and the repentance of the Duke of Orleans. He recollected the homage paid by this prince to the elder branch at London, and the calm retreat in which he lived at Twickenham, on the Thames. He thought that a man of this character and this name would be never dangerous in France during his reign; that his name would weigh even on himself; that he would bear it in the obscurity of a father of a family between the reproaches of the Royalists and the suspicions of the Republicans. His children after him would share his inheritance, and this fortune, divided into several parts, would cease to be a danger for the crown. But the Duke of Orleans, scarcely arrived in France, had disappointed the expectations of the king. He had over the other princes of the royal family, and of the house of Condé, the benefit of the double part assigned by his name and situation. Prince at the Tuileries, enjoying the respect which royal blood assured him, popular man at the Palais Royal, seizing on the preferences of opinion which turned instinctively towards him; reserved in his attitude, courtier of the king and of public opinion, explaining himself in half words, but allowing to be seen and to be felt in his half suppressed sentences a secret disdain of the court, and favourable remembrances of all that breathed of the revolution, associating himself even by clever flattery with the regrets and glories of the army, choosing his military "house" among the young generals of Napoleon, his intimate society among the writers and workers of liberty; irreproachable in appearance towards the court, gracious and attractive for the growing opposition.'—Pp. 204, 205.

The Congress of Vienna is matter of general notoriety. The picture of the rise of literature, of arts, of the resurrection of the *salons*—those peculiar centres of political action and intrigue, so popular in France—alone can tempt to prolong an analysis, already too long, of the poet-historian's remarkable work. Peace—the departure of a despot who had chained and fettered the human mind for ten years—the outburst of all those minds which had ripened in the secrecy of the study, or in exile—the fact that the sword was broken, and that glory was no longer alive to fill human thought—the absence of war, that curse of nations, which devours her youth, withers her genius, drives intelligence, thought, philosophy, literature, into the shade, which materializes and debases a people, which prevents the onward progress of civilization, liberty, and true religion—awoke France once more to contests of a more humanizing, though perhaps of a not more necessary character, than those which had desolated her for so many years. Lamartine's sketch of the re-organizations of thought, of genius, of arts, of sciences, of literature, is very able, very eloquent. We must attempt a brief analysis.

The eighteenth century had been checked in its thoughts and



philosophy, in general sceptical and gloomy, by the huge catastrophe which engulfed everything. Its men were dead; their ideas and tone were no longer of the age. The kind of thinkers and writers now suited to France were necessarily of a different school. Two started in 1814 with a colossal reputation—Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël; their persecution by Napoleon not a little assisted their renown.

Madame de Staël had from her birth breathed the air of revolutions. She had two natures. Swiss born, she was republican; French adopted, she was aristocratic. As Lamartine says, there was something both of Mirabeau and Rousseau in her. She was a man in style, a woman in feeling. Exiled, her house became a hotbed of liberty—an arsenal of attacks against the tyranny of Napoleon. At his fall she returned to Paris, opened her *salons*, received old republicans, young liberals, undecided minds, and led them by her eloquence to consent to a trial of constitutional monarchy founded on authority and liberty.

‘She was both happy in heart and glorious in her genius. She had two children: a son, who did not reveal any of the brilliancy of his mother, but who promised to have the solid qualities of a patriot and a good man; a daughter, since married to the Duke de Broglie, who resembled the best and purest of her mother’s thoughts, incarnated in an angelic form, to elevate our looks to heaven, and to represent holiness engrafted on beauty. As yet scarcely in the middle stage of life, young with that eternal youth, renewed by imagination, that sap of love, Madame de Staël had just married the last idol of her sentiment. She was loved, and she loved. She was preparing to publish her “Considerations on the Revolution,” which she had studied so near, and the personal and passionate narrative of her “Ten Years of Exile.” *Enfin*, a book on the genius of Germany, into which she had cast, and, as it were, filtered, drop by drop, all the sources of her soul, her imagination, and her religion, had just appeared in France and England, and was the talk of all Europe. Her style in her book on Germany, above all, without losing anything of its youth or its splendour, seemed to have been illumined by more lofty and more eternal lights as she approached the evening of life, and the mysterious altar of thought. This style no longer painted, it no longer only sang, it adored. One breathes the perfume of a soul in its pages: it was Corinne turned priestess, and seeing, on the outskirts of life, the unknown God at the end of the horizons of humanity. It was then she died in Paris, leaving a dazzling remembrance in the heart of her age. She was the J. J. Rousseau of women, but more tender, more humble, and capable of greater actions than he was. Genius with two sexes—one to think, one to love: the most passionate of women, and the most masculine of writers, in the same being. A name that will live as long as literature and as history in her country.’—Pp. 360—362.

Lamartine is less exaggerated and less laudatory with Chateau-

briand. He seems to wish to make up for having raised Madame de Staël too high, as he most certainly has done. Chateaubriand was less a Royalist by conviction than by birth and circumstances. He first tried scepticism; but his work being pronounced unsuited to the age, he turned round, burnt his irreligious book, and wrote the 'Genius of Christianity.' After showing how magnificent and ennobling a subject the writer had, after the deluge of infidelity which had swept through the world, and after saying that he might have been the Montesquieu of Christianity, Lamartine says:—

'Instead of this work, M. de Chateaubriand had imitated Ovid, and written the history of the outward splendours of religion. He had exhumed, not the genius, but the mythology and ceremonial of Christianity. He had sung, without choice and without criticism, its dogmas and its superstitions, its faith and its credulities, its virtues and its vices. He had made a poem of its popular antiquities, and of all its fallen institutions; from the political government of consciences by the sword, to the temporal rulers of the Church, from the aberrations of monastic ascetism to its beatified ignorances, and even to the pious frauds of popular prodigies, invented by the zeal and perpetuated by the routine of the rural clergy, to seduce the imagination instead of sanctifying the spirit of the people, M. de Chateaubriand had described everything. His book was the book of human credulity.'—Pp. 371, 372.

M. de Bonald, a man of equal reputation, less talent, and far higher character, a man of truth, sincerity, and thought, simple in style, sincere in religion, he was the pontiff of religion and monarchy to the Restoration.

M. de Fontanes followed: a poet whose reputation was founded on poems which were talked of but never seen, but whose pompous speeches had been the delight of Napoleon. Roman Catholic philosophy was represented by Joseph de Maistre and Lamennais; the one a kind of rude prophet, a man who wished to strike that he might save, to amputate that he might purify; who would have imposed faith by lictors and the sword; whose style was only second to Montaigne; the other then earnest and implacable in faith.

Cousin began to substitute for the materialism, which bordered on atheism, that crime of the human mind, a philosophy somewhat more consistent with civilization, but vague and mystic still; Augustus Thierry began to publish his picturesque and truthful histories, Segur his Campaigns; Thiers his Chronicles of the Revolution; Guizot his Dogmatic Theories; Michaud his Narrative of the Crusades; while MM. de Barente, Michelet, Daru, Lacretelle, all appeared about this time. Reynouard, Briffault, Casimer Delavigne, even young Hugo, began to popularize verses once more, with many others.

‘Nature, which had shown itself sterile only because revolution, war, and despotism had driven it from its course, showed itself more reproductive than ever. It was the vegetation of a new and long repressed sap, the new birth of thought under all the forms of modern art. A new era in poetry, in politics, in religion, was nursing itself on this hearth, of which liberty and peace had reawakened the flames.’—P. 402.

The return of the Bourbons, and of an aristocracy which had always patronized arts and literature to a certain extent—when they were respectful and well behaved—did something towards this movement. Society found it alive once more. Conversation is a part of the genius of the French people. They certainly are about the best talkers ever known. But the gay and free conversation in which they like to indulge, was impossible during revolutionary wars, and under the spy-supported despotism of Napoleon, who in this was soon to be imitated by the Restoration. At first, however, there was perfect liberty of speech in society, and Paris was in ecstasies. The first salon opened to the aristocracy of name, arts, and letters, was that of the king, who excelled in and loved conversation. With infirm legs it was with reading about his only possible pleasure. His mornings were given up to conferences with eminent politicians, academicians, remarkable foreigners, and women, whose character he liked because he resembled them in some things. He had wit, eloquence, and knowledge, and shone among the ablest men of his day.

M. de Talleyrand opened his salons to diplomatists, men of the revolution and empire, to young orators and young writers, whom he wished to captivate, and to all, in fact, who could serve his purpose.

‘This minister, whom people thought absorbed in the cares of the court and the details of administration, treated all things, even the most important, with negligence, allowed chance, which always works, to do much, and passed whole nights reading a poet, in listening to an article, or in talking with men and women who had no occupation but their wit. He had a *coup d’œil* for every man and everything, inattentive and observing at the same time. His conversation was concise, but perfect. His ideas filtered by drops from his lips, but each word contained a great meaning. A taste for epigrams and sallies is attributed to him which he did not possess. His conversation had neither the wickedness nor the elevation which the vulgar were fond of quoting and admiring, nor the borrowed repartees passed under his name. He was, on the contrary, slow, careless, natural, a little idle of expression, but always infallible in justice.’—P. 412.

Madame de Staël’s salon was one of the most frequented in Paris, by a few Republicans, some remnants of the constitutional party of the Revolution, by new Royalists, orators, philosophers,



poets, writers, and journalists. Madame Duras, a duchess, opened hers to Royalists, courtiers, beautiful and witty women, writers and politicians of the school of the monarchy—all who could serve the ambition, or flatter the vanity, of her friend Chateaubriand. Madame de la Tremouille received all those writers and aristocrats who recognised none of the conquests of the Revolution; who treated Louis XVIII. even as a *suspect*. The Duchess de Broglie and Madame St. Aulaire received a younger, more numerous and mixed public: the Lafayettes, the Guizots, the Vellemaings, the Cousins, the Sismondis. Madame de Montcalm, sister of the Duke de Richelieu, afforded a place of meeting for the moderate Royalists, the Laines, the Pozzo di Borgos, the Capo d'Istrias, the Marmonts, the Neuilles, the Moles, the Pasquiers. MM. Casimir Perier and Lafitte, with some other new men, received, on the other side of the river, the remains of the Empire and Republic, united against the common enemy.

In these salons began to grow up the men of the middle classes, the future statesmen of the Duke of Orleans. Thiers and Mignet were the most remarkable. Already the press sounded the tocsin, the articles were as yet gentle, polite, reasoning, but each day the struggle grew more fierce. It was not the Republican party, it was the Bonapartist and military party which began the war with the precipitation, imprudence, and animosity of a party which does not accept its defeat. In the house of the dowager-empress Josephine, the ex-queen Hortense, who had been allowed to live near Paris with the title of Duchess of St. Leu, received the military youth of the empire, who adored Bonapartism under the features of a beautiful, young, witty, and passionate woman. But this centre of imperial worship, of love, of letters, of poetry, of arts, of confidences, of tales of the past, was less a meeting for literary objects than a conspiracy.

In Paris, a more patriotic, more national, but more reserved opposition, came from Carnot and Fouché. Carnot was an antique Republican, cold, austere, and true. He had voted the death of the king; he had sat in the Committee of Public Safety between Robespierre and St. Just, not to use the hatchet, but to guide the sword which protected the frontier. He hailed the Restoration with hopes of practical liberty—he was soon undeceived.

Fouché employed all the powers of his experience as a police-minister to rouse public opinion against the Restoration, and successfully. But while all men respected Carnot, they despised Fouché.

Such was France at the end of 1814 and beginning of 1815.

Royalists of the old *régime*, Royalists of the new, were disputing for the mastery; the Republicans were turning into a liberal and enlightened opposition under the monarchy; all that the men of place and power thought of disputing about was, who should serve the king, who should please and lead Louis XVIII. The Absolutists and limited Monarchists, backed by the opposition, prepared for a struggle.

‘But one party, still alive, rose between the two, and was about to submerge them beneath the most sudden and most irresistible military revolution of which the annals of the world have preserved the record. For when Cæsar passed the Rubicon, to come and annihilate the republic, he led two hundred thousand Romans against Rome. Napoleon was about merely to bring back his name and the shadow of his past victories, to overthrow the work of Europe and reconquer his country. We, however, must put off this narrative to another volume, to concentrate in one limited scene its grandeur and interest.’—P. 442.

And here we must stop, for as yet no more of Lamartine’s remarkable work has been published. We believe our readers will, from this analysis, be tempted both to peruse what has appeared, and to wait with some anxiety for the appearance of the rest. Lamartine is not the stern narrator, but he is the eloquent poet of history. He has called Beranger the singing tribune; we might with propriety denominate him the epic historian.

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Since the foregoing was written, an English translation of M. Lamartine’s work has been published by Messrs. Vizetelly and Co. of London; and no recommendation is needed to induce our readers to procure it for themselves. The fidelity of the translation is guaranteed by the supervision of the author, and it is brought out in an elegant form, at the remarkably low price of five shillings. The ‘History’ cannot fail to be extensively popular, and we are glad to report that the mode of publication adopted by Messrs. Vizetelly will prevent our being inundated by wretched translations, as has happened in some other cases. We subjoin a notice which has been issued by the publishers, and shall be glad to render them all the aid in our power. The frauds—for such we deem them—which have been committed on foreign authors, ought to be discountenanced by every honorable man. They are as injurious to literature as they are discreditable to the parties concerned.

‘Being convinced that the protection of literary property, both nationally and internationally, is a most legitimate and desirable object, which every government and every people ought to advocate and maintain by their laws; and being desirous of contributing, as

far as I am able, to this constitution of intellectual property in favour of both authors and publishers, I have consented to write in English, perhaps imperfectly, some of the most important passages of the "History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France." In so doing, my desire is to assist my publishers in protecting them against piracy, which they have undertaken to combat and to repel by every means compatible with their rights and their position.

July, 1851.

A. DE LAMARTINE.

ART. II.—*The Creed of Christendom; its Foundations and Structure.*

By William Rathbone Greg. London: John Chapman. 1851.

WE have not the slightest knowledge of the writer of this book. The title led us to expect an elucidation of the Christian faith, a history of its progress, or an exposition of its principles. The citations from Coleridge, from Tennyson, and from Martineau (whether Miss Martineau or her brother is not said), which occupy the page between the title and the preface, at once dissipate such an expectation, and suggest the advent of another to the list of speculative doubters; while the Preface boldly avows all that has ever been meant by infidelity, though, at the same time, the writer earnestly hopes the book will not 'be regarded as antagonistic to the faith of Christ.' He professes to be 'an unfettered layman, endowed with no learning, but bringing to the investigation the ordinary education of an English gentleman, and a logical faculty exercised in other walks.' He has not put forth all his conclusions. At present he aims only at destroying the faith of men in 'popular Christianity':—

'What Jesus really did and taught, and whether his doctrines were perfect or superhuman, are questions which afford ample matter for an independent work.'

How he knows there ever was such a person as Jesus, or that he taught any doctrines, we are not informed. He appears to have read the English translation of De Wette's 'Introduction to the Critical Study of the Old Testament;' Strauss's 'Life of Jesus;' Mr. James Martineau's 'Rationale of Religious Inquiry;' Mr. Kenrick's 'Essay on Primeval History;' Mr. Newman's 'History of the Hebrew Monarchy' and 'Phases of Faith;' Norton on the 'Genuineness of the Gospels;' Theodore Parker's 'Discourse of Matters relating to Religion;' Hennell's 'Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity,' and



his 'Christian Theism;' the 'Prospective Review;' Mackay's 'Progress of the Intellect;' Emerson's 'Essays;' Fox on the 'Religious Ideas;' and some other works in the same line. From these sources he has gathered the arguments, quotations, and phraseology distinctive of the school to which most of the writers indicated belong. There is to us no evidence whatever that he has independently examined the grave and wide questions which he decides with such self-complacent dogmatism; nor do we find the slightest trace of acquaintance with any portion of that department of learning to which the fundamental inquiries belong—we mean the department of Biblical Introductions. While disclaiming 'learning,' he treats, with the utmost flippancy, of matters which a person 'endowed with no learning' is incompetent to handle, and from which most men, of ordinary modesty, would have shrunk. Ignorance, borrowing the garb of superior intelligence, and the most superficial and dogmatizing opinionativeness giving lectures to mankind on the pure love of Truth, are not such rare things, nor so precious, as this self-styled and self-admiring martyr seems to imagine. There is one species of trial which, we suspect, he has not experienced: he has not been subjected to literary criticism. To analyze the whole volume, to refute its misrepresentations, to expose its fallacies, to demolish its foregone conclusions, would, of course, require more pages than his own, and, in our judgment, would be a waste of strength on a book so really shallow and artificial. We propose, however, to put it through a few of the processes familiar to our gentle craft, for the purpose, mainly, of showing by what class of men, and *by what sort of means*, 'Popular Christianity' is derided, and the body of Christian believers—the apostles, and even 'the Lord' himself—are audaciously insulted. We have no occasion, and no desire, to withhold from this writer whatever praise is due to ingenuity, elegance of thought, beauty of language, and professed admiration of moral excellence: these are the qualities which give him the power for mischief, while they hide that mischief from the inexperienced reader, and, possibly, even from himself. We are naturally inclined, and have ever cultivated the habit of cherishing the inclination, to respect the utmost freedom of thought on every subject within the range of the human faculties; yet, for this reason, we are bound all the more to pronounce strict judgment on writers who set at naught the wise and holy men whom they imagine to have been in error; who pervert freedom of inquiry into irreverent speculation; who indulge the most rancorous spirit under the mask of candour; and who have no more appropriate terms for describing the conscientious belief of earnest teachers of religion

than 'the *INSOLENCE* of *orthodoxy*.' Our readers will scarcely expect that we should confine ourselves to soft words in dealing with impertinent railers. They put themselves beyond the pale of our fraternal sympathy. Here is one who has used strong and ostentatious language to express thoughts which, in their mildest form, are known to be, in the highest degree, offensive to the holiest convictions of a Christian. However tolerant towards men who hold *opinions* different from our own, we cannot forget that, when the truths on which the Church of Christ has lived for ages are unsparingly assailed, and the believers of those truths are held up to the scorn of every supercilious scoffer, we have more serious work to do than paying compliments to the genius of the assailant, or stooping to gather up his weapons, and examine whether some of them may not have been fairly wielded. We are under no obligations to put ourselves on the defensive. We are not disposed to give that advantage to so arrogant a challenger. Our business is to analyze and show up the disbelief which now makes the attack.

At an early period in the progress of Christian literature, the design and spirit of the Pentateuch were so misunderstood, that fantastical objections, founded on narrow opinions, led men to deny that it could have proceeded from Moses. As soon, however, as the plan of the writer of these Five Books was perceived, the objections vanished, and the genuineness of the books remained undoubted. In later times, the attacks on the Mosaic authorship of these books are traceable, partly, to the spirit of general scepticism pervading historical, and even literary, criticism, which ran riot in Germany during the latter portion of the eighteenth century; but still more to the resolute *naturalism*, or determination to explain everything by material and fixed laws, which had been assumed by professed theologians. Spencer endeavoured to explain the ritual laws of the Hebrews in a manner that indicated the activity of an acute but shallow intellect, wholly without the power of deep thought, or of spiritual sympathy with the reverential spirit of the Bible. Finding some points of agreement between the outward forms of Levitical observance, and some outward forms in heathen worship, especially among the Egyptians, he drew the hasty conclusion that the Hebrews borrowed their religion from the Egyptians, and that God did not appoint them, but only accommodated himself to them, though they were entirely *contrary* to the only worship that can be accepted by Him who is a spirit. The conclusion from such superficial premises was easy. Such a system of worship could not have come from God: the Pentateuch ascribes it to God, and represents Moses as receiving it from heaven, and establishing its authority by miracles and prophe-

cies: this *cannot* be true, and, therefore, the Pentateuch could not have Moses for its author.

The hypothesis of Spencer was fully adopted by Le Clerc, in Holland. Assuming that all events are to be resolved into natural causes, he explains away whatever is supernatural. Sir J. D. Michaelis expounded the Pentateuch on a theory of legislation, borrowed from French writers. Volney led the van in opposing the testimony of the imaginary Sanchoniatho to that of Moses, and he was followed by Gesenius, upon whom an ingenious Frenchman played a clever trick, which was exposed, at the time, by Boeckh, Kopp, and other German writers. The most profound historians of Germany—Heeren, John Von Müller, Luden, Wachler, Schlosser, Leo, and Rotteck, have expressed their conviction—on *historical* grounds—of the genuineness and authenticity of the Pentateuch. Ideler tested these writings by scientific chronology, of which he was a distinguished master, and he upholds their Mosaic authority. On the other hand, Eichhorn, in his ‘Introduction to the Old Testament,’ gets rid of the miraculous, as Le Clerc and Michaelis had done before him, by conjectural explanations of the facts recorded. De Wette, who is Mr. Greg’s grand authority, refuses all credit to any writer who oversteps experience and the laws of nature. Vatke goes further, for he makes each man’s own personal conviction the sole test of truth: he rejects the Pentateuch, therefore, because *he* conceives that the form of human life which it exhibits is impossible. Goethe supposed that Moses painted an imaginary God, out of the dark colours of his own heart. The famous Wolfenbüttel Fragments treated the Pentateuch as spurious, because the author of those Fragments (Reimar), thought it impossible that God should commune with such a lying and marauding race as the Hebrew Patriarchs and their descendants were supposed by him to be. ‘As to our Pentateuch,’ De Wette says, ‘after so many acute and profound investigations in modern times, we may consider it as *settled* and *acknowledged*, that the books of Moses are a collection of treatises by various authors, which originally were quite independent of one author.’ That the Pentateuch, as we now have it, *was* written by Moses, has been maintained, on the other hand, by Michaelis, Jahn, Hug, Rosenmüller, Sack, Pareau, Hengstenberg, and Hävernich. De Wette, Bauer, Von Bohlen, and Vatke, treat it, not as historical, but as *mythical*. Yet the repudiators of these sacred histories differ greatly from one another. The author of the work before us has freely adopted the notions of some of these German writers, without showing any signs of having had recourse to other writers in the same language, who have exposed the groundless-



ness of such conjectures. We see no reason for believing that he has looked at the Pentateuch in its avowed and obvious character as one continued work, designed for a specific purpose, unfolding, with calmness and noble simplicity, the rise and early history of the people whom God had taken into covenant with himself, and containing the germs of those sacred truths which were gradually developed by inspiration in the course of ages. Assuming certain conceptions of the Deity to be those—and *all* those, which accord with reason and experience, and taking for granted that the representations of God which are contained in the Old Testament are 'often monstrous and utterly at variance with all the teachings of Nature and of Christianity,' he gives the coarsest possible exhibition of the conceptions of the ancient Jews, and he asks 'unlearned students' to *acquiesce* in the results of 'scientific criticism,' as they do in those of astronomy. Though he speaks of this 'scientific criticism' as a 'very difficult branch of research,' he commits the egregious error—which, in astronomy or any other real science, would be only laughed at—of taking the exploded speculations of one school, as though they, and they alone, were worthy of our confidence. Following such guides, and apparently ignorant, certainly unmindful, of the refutation of their opinions by writers who were at least as eminent in their own particular line, he runs smoothly along the path which was trodden long ago by English Deists, and in which they have been followed, with great show of learning and investigation, by modern German critics. He sets out with the old notion of Bolingbroke, revived by De Wette, that the first appearance of the Pentateuch, in its present form, was the discovery of the Book of the Law, in the reign of Josiah. Then he attempts to show that Moses could not be the author of the Pentateuch, because, as he says, the language is too perfect for that age,—because the death of Moses is recorded in the book of Deuteronomy,—because there are certain passages which, being expressed in the past time, must have been written subsequently, 'probably long subsequently'—to the period in which Moses flourished,—and because the command to place the 'Book of the Law in the ark' must have been written after the consecration of the Temple,—in short, that the book of Deuteronomy was written (by whom he does not guess) *with a view* to the discovery of the Pentateuch in the Temple! If this writer happens to know that *all* these insinuations have been ably exposed by Stäudlin, Bleek, Michaelis, Sack, Bauer, Ranke, Pareau, Rosenmüller, Hengstenberg, Hävernicks, and many other continental writers, we are at a loss to see the integrity of omitting all reference to them, or to their elucidations; if he happens not to know how

these able writers have treated the questions which he imagines to be decided in support of his opinions, we must speak out plainly against the ignorant conceitedness of such an assault upon 'the Creed of Christendom.' With equal credulity and one-sidedness, the writer seizes an hypothesis started a century ago, and taken up by successive writers, of two classes of distinct and often conflicting documents, clumsily confounded together in the book of Genesis. There is just enough of plausibility in this hypothesis to make it acceptable to writers who are *in search* of objections to the Bible; but the reader who has examined it for himself, or who has studied the examination of it by Hase, Von Meyer, Sack, Ewald, Ranke, Hävernick, or Hengstenberg, will probably agree with us in discarding it as, at best, an ingenious but unsatisfactory attempt to solve a philological problem which is better explained on very different principles, and as utterly valueless for the purpose to which the assailants of the Bible have so eagerly applied it.

We must point out a similar instance of ill-informed or wilful one-sidedness in the references which are made by this author to the alleged discrepancy between the Mosaic cosmogony and the discoveries of modern geology. While he amuses himself at the expense of Dr. Whewell and Dr. Buckland, he takes no notice of the lectures of the eminently learned, and not less eminently candid, Dr. Pye Smith.

By *a priori* reasonings on what prophecy ought to be,—by perverting the scripture statements, so as to give a most disgusting idea of the conduct of the prophets,—by exhibiting the grossest ignorance of the sublime themes on which he dogmatizes, and by patching together innumerable scraps which he has picked up in the writings of *one school*, mistaking their vapid conjectures for solid proofs, he arrives at the modest conclusion, that:—

'The prophets were wise, gifted, earnest men, deeply conversant with the Past' [whence?] 'looking far into the Future' [how?] 'shocked with the unrighteousness around them—sagacious to foresee impending evil—bold to denounce spiritual wickedness in high places—imbued above all with an unfailing faith—peculiarly strong among their people, that national delinquency and national virtue would alike meet with a temporal and inevitable retribution—and gifted "with the glorious faculty of poetic hope, exerted on human prospects, and presenting its results with the vividness of prophecy:" but Prophets in no stricter sense than this.'

In the same fashion, and by similar means, he treats his readers to a flimsy exposition of the notion set forth by Vatke, Bauer, and others, that the Theism of the Jews was 'due not to Moses, the patriarchs, or the priests, but to the superiority of

individual minds, at various periods of their history.' Whence *this superiority* arose, he does not inform us, though the Bible *does*. He speaks of the 'deceitful God of Exodus and Numbers.'

A writer who has imbibed such notions of those sacred books which Jesus and his apostles revered as the word of God, was not likely to treat with more respect the books of the New Testament. A key to his reckless mode of dealing with them is found in a note, where, referring to a remark of Lardner on 'bold and *groundless* assertions in which critics too often indulge *without considering the consequences*,' he adds, with characteristic self-complacency: 'Dr. Lardner, like many other divines, required to be reminded that critics have nothing to do with consequences, but only with truths; and that (to use the language of Algernon Sidney) "a consequence cannot destroy a truth."' As if the 'assertions' which Dr. Lardner found to be 'groundless,' are to be held as 'truths!'

On the 'origin of the Gospels,' Mr. Greg adopts opinions from Hennell, Credner, Strauss, De Wette, Norton, Newman; and he assumes, as a matter amply proved, that the first three evangelists drew their Gospels from the extant current tradition—that they are mythic, not historical—and that the Gospel of John is no narrative at all, but a polemic composition embodying his conceptions of Jesus, who is here represented as having 'an overweening tendency to self-glorification!' He finds fault with John for giving us 'more of Christ than of Christianity.' He regards with the bitterest animosity the doctrine—that faith is essential to salvation. He speaks, in canting strain, of the 'profound and splendid genius' of Jesus, and refers to him as 'just and wise;' while he treats the only histories which make him known to us as unworthy of credit, and the fourth (John's) especially, as being 'throughout an *unscrupulous* and most inexact paraphrase of Christ's teaching.' As might be expected, he labours hard to show that the deity of Christ and the atonement *cannot* be true; and that either they are not taught in the Gospels, or, if they are, the Gospels must, *for that reason*, be rejected. He speaks of Paul as '*boasting*' that he had direct supernatural communications; he treats these boasted revelations as the workings of a powerful and fiery mind; and, with the cowardice which dare not fairly meet the question, he does not affirm that 'Paul was *not* favoured with divine communications,' but he does worse—he basely and impudently insinuates that 'hundreds of ecstasies, whom similar causes have brought into a similar physiological condition, have made the same assertion with equal sincerity and conviction.' With the same determination to disregard consequences, and the same



confession that he cannot *prove* what he says, he more than insinuates, in one passage, that this great apostle was a man of unchristian views and spirit; and, in another, that we have no 'approach to personal testimony to the miracles of our Lord.' The whole question of those miracles is treated after the fashion of Theodore Parker, who compared the Elohim of the Bible with 'the master of a locomotive steam-engine.' Miracles are here declared to be 'untenable;' we are further told, that the resurrection of Jesus is not proved—even *if it were, it would be of no value to us*; that 'our interest, as waiters and hoppers for immortality, would lie in *disbelieving* the letter of the Scripture narratives;' and that 'we can find no adequate reason for believing Jesus to be the Son of God, nor his doctrines to be a direct and special revelation to him from the Most High—using these phrases in their ordinary signification.' It were superfluous to say, that a writer who *utterly rejects every fact and every doctrine which is peculiar to the Bible*, treats the views which Christians entertain respecting the inspiration of that Bible with derision.

After getting rid of both the Old Testament and the New, the author still speaks of 'the religion of Jesus,—not as being absolute and perfect truth,—but, as containing more truth, purer truth, higher truth, stronger truth, than has ever *yet* been given to man.' The truth which, by a process which he designates 'Christian eclecticism,' he distils from the repudiated Bible, amounts to—'*the worthlessness of ceremonial observances, and the necessity of active virtue*;' '*the enforcement of purity of heart as the security for purity of life, and of the government of the thoughts as the originators and forerunners of action*;' '*universal philanthropy*;' '*forgiveness of injuries*;' '*the necessity of self-sacrifice in the cause of duty*;' '*humility*;' '*genuine sincerity—being, not seeming*.' The citation of passages from the teaching of Jesus on these heads is made without any *proof* being offered that he ever uttered such instructions. 'Other tenets, taught in Scripture,' are rejected, such as those concerning the efficacy of prayer; resignation; pardon of sin; the ascetic and depreciating view of human life; spirituality; heaven; hell. He thinks that 'it is more than doubtful whether the happiness and social progress of mankind has not rather been retarded than promoted by the doctrine of a future life.' Still he appears to cling to the hope of a future life as a kind of instinct inhering in the very nature of the human soul.

And it is by a book like this that the writer imagines he can overthrow 'the Creed of Christendom!' Next to the disgust we feel in wading through such pages, is our humiliation that there should be in this part of Christendom so much ignorance

as to render it probable that the book may find readers, that some of them will be confirmed by it in their infidelity, while others will be perplexed, if not shaken, in their attachment to revealed truth. We may render some service if we trace to their true sources the activity of the infidel school on the one hand, and the indolent repose of the Christian schools on the other.

We have observed in most of the attacks on the Bible an utter dislike to the essential character and object of the writers through whom its contents have come to us; an aversion to the general strain of their teaching; a determination not to accept the special views which they have given of man and of God. The expression of this dislike is sometimes bold and open; at other times it is partially concealed. Now, wherever it exists, the objections to the contents of sacred writings are not always made directly and in explicit terms, but, most frequently, their literary character, or their historical authority, is impugned, and every art of criticism is exhausted for the purpose of showing that none but the ignorant, the unreflecting, the prejudiced, or the interested, can now look on such compositions as anything better than loose records of an uncertain tradition. The unpalatable doctrines have thus the *appearance* of being rejected because of their apparent want of authority, while, in *reality*, the authority is criticised and condemned because the doctrines are distasteful. We know of no bias stronger than this. It is difficult to measure the extent to which it bribes the judgment, perverts the understanding, and hurries its victim to conclusions which are as false as possible, but which he imagines to be the pure light of truth shining on a mind that has freed itself from the slavery of creeds. A given creed may be supposed to be true, or it may be supposed to be false, independently of any considerations to be adduced in support of either supposition. Let it be supposed, for a moment, that the Creed of Christendom is true. He who views it in that light may not have been well trained in the arguments which would prove that he is correct. He may be satisfied with the popular belief of his age or his country. He may feel that this belief harmonizes with his moral convictions and with his spiritual life: it may be associated with all his ideas of virtue, piety, and blessedness; to doubt it, may appear to him a thing almost impossible, and altogether foreign to his nature. His complacency in what he regards as true will not allow him to suspect that it *may* be false. He reposes on it, as men do on most of the practical truths of daily life.—Let it be supposed, on the contrary, that the Creed of Christendom is false. He who views it in this light, looks about for objections to it. He welcomes them, from what quarter soever they may come. His search of them is rendered more eager by any disrelish he may

feel for its doctrines, and by any dislike, scorn, or contempt he may indulge towards persons by whom those doctrines are believed. He may think himself free from prejudice, while all the while he is influenced by the strongest of prepossessions—the belief, not only that ‘the Creed of Christendom’ is not true, but that it cannot be true; that *no* evidence could prove it true; and the resolute dislike which would reject it even if it *were* proved to be true. Now the whole drift of the Preface to the volume before us shows that the writer looked upon the Bible as countenancing all manner of evil, and, under this impression, he felt himself concerned to prove that the authority of such a book must be viewed in a very different light from that in which it is viewed by Christians. Here is the bias which pervades the entire work. It is not a discussion of ‘the Creed of Christendom;’ it is an attack upon it. It is not the composition of an inquirer, or of a doubter, but of a disbeliever. He has industriously collected whatever he could find to justify his disbelief; and he has breathed into it the spirit of the most venomous hostility. Destitute of the learning of some of his guides, and of the broader and profounder views by which other guides would have taught him to detect their errors, he parades the puerile fancy that he has received some ‘gleams of truth which have been missed by others;’ and, while uttering the most dogmatical conclusions, professes to be pursuing inquiries and ‘groping towards the light.’ Against all this we protest—in the name of literature, in the name of humanity—in the name of religion. There is, surely, no new ‘gleam of light’ in the *will-o’-the-wisps* which caught the fancy of early impugnors of Christianity, but which manlier expounders have proved to be the glow-worms of the marsh. There is nothing to cheer and sustain the men who are groping in the dark, in being told—for the thousandth time—that the whole ‘Creed of Christendom’ is a priestly invention. It is not true that ‘the orthodox’ *believe* that ‘revelation has announced doctrines dishonouring to the pure majesty of God,’ or that they ‘accept them all with hasty and trembling dismay,’ though this writer takes the liberty of putting such unjust constructions on what they do believe. The inspired writers of the Old Testament are as well known, and the dates of their writings are as accurately determined, as those of writers belonging to other departments of antiquity, even of much more recent date. The miracles, or prophetic powers, of some of those writers are never adduced in proof of the authority or the accuracy of the books in which the miracles are recorded. The falsification of prophecy is a mere fiction, while its fulfilments are embodied in the whole course of history. The Saviour of men, though charged by this writer with ignorant opinions, and contradictions,



will still be revered and adored by us, as well as by multitudes of enlightened believers. The apostles did not teach the error imputed to them so confidently in these pages respecting the approaching end of the world; for one of them corrected that error as a perversion of their teaching (2 Thess. ii.) The incoherences of Coleridge, or of Arnold, are no part of the 'Creed of Christendom,' whatever the merits or demerits of those admirable writers may have been. Instead of its being true, that the book of Daniel is accompanied by no proof whatever of its early date, and that it is full of historical inaccuracies and fanciful legends, as De Wette has led his credulous follower to assert, or that few critics of any note or fame venture to defend it, it would be easy to prove that the critical impugnors of this book contradict each other, and that their objections are, for the most part, frivolous, and based on erroneous assumptions, which have been exposed with great learning and in minute detail by Hengstenberg, who has, also, produced an elaborate array of positive proofs that the book was really the work of the prophet whose name it bears. The same general style of observation occurs in reference to Isaiah. We are told that—

'The last twenty-seven (chapters) are confidently decided by competent judges to be the production of a different writer, and a later age; and that they were doubtless composed during the Babylonish captivity, later than the year B.C. 600, or about 150 years after Isaiah. The grounds of this decision are given at length in De Wette.'

We could cite a dozen or more of 'competent judges' since De Wette, who have overthrown the suppositions brought together by him and other critics.

We have no difficulty in perceiving that the *animus* of this volume is an implacable opposition to the Bible, as standing in the way of a favourite opinion respecting the authority of the human soul; and we have no hesitation in declaring our judgment, founded on a patient examination of its contents, that, with all its artful, insidious, and unjust aspersions on the 'Book of Christendom,' it can be injurious only to the prejudiced, the superficial, and the unreflecting. It is one of many offshoots from the ponderous infidelity of Germany in the last century. However fascinating it may be to the tribe of pretenders to superior mental culture in this country, it is too poor in the qualities which have power with our manly English people to undermine the faith which they have been accustomed to repose in the Bible as the word of God.

Having thus freely expressed our opinion of this writer, and of the class of minds, far superior to his own, by which he is influenced, we take this opportunity of contrasting with the

modern activity of disbelievers what we have ventured to call the indolent repose of the Christian schools. We think there is reason to complain in this respect. We do not find the literature of the Churches *vitalized* sufficiently to meet the demands of the times. The books that are studied by not a few of the young men of the present day are of a different stamp from those which engaged their fathers at the same age. The most noxious forms of infidelity are stealing into the walks of elegant letters, adorned by genius, enriched with borrowed learning, seducing alike the intellect and the imagination, and producing a state of mind on which neither the Christian pulpit nor the Christian press will have any power, unless a freer, higher, and manlier style of thinking and speaking than that which sufficed for widely different times should prevail among our recognised organs of instruction. They who devoutly labour to bring about a new and more fitting style of presenting the ancient truths of the gospel, have a serious and burdensome duty to fulfil. Denounced, by those who take no pains to learn the true state of affairs, as innovators on the good old teaching of our fathers, they have to lay their account with suspicions, misconceptions, and misrepresentations, while they are repulsing the opponents of the faith, sustained in their lonely toil by the truth which they are defending, and by the Master whom they love to serve. In no querulous spirit, but with zeal for a cause which becomes every day more dear to us, we appeal to our Christian, specially to our Nonconformist, readers. We fear that they are little aware of the *present state of the question* between believers and disbelievers of the gospel. We can confidently assure them, from our own knowledge, that it is not what it once was. We call upon the teachers of the churches, upon the Christian *literati* of our country, and on every intelligent member of our spiritual communities, to look into this matter. We need a more exact knowledge of the holy Scriptures—a more enlightened apprehension of the place they occupy in the literature of the world—a more thorough acquaintance with the kind of difficulties which beset inquisitive and truth-loving minds—a more complete mastery of the true science of criticism—a more catholic humanity—a more profound, vital, and spiritual theology—a more reasoned and earnest conviction of the life-giving truths of Christ—a more elevated and practical outworking of the revealed relation of the spirit of truth to the redeemed Church of the living God. Strong in our own belief that the Bible is even more than all that Christians generally hold it to be, we earnestly desire that it may be intelligently appreciated, wisely expounded, fervently loved, as containing the authentic records of the doings and the sayings of God in the revelation

of his grace to man. It is the sheet-anchor of our race. Combining the light of successive ages, the principles of everlasting truth, the history and the law of a heavenly kingdom, the exposition of the past, and the outline of the future—uttering the mysterious thought of God in the household words of man, and forming the highest portion of the moral discipline by which the pilgrims of earth are trained for the employments of heaven, its claims upon us are manifest, constant, imperative, and augmenting. It is to the annulling of these claims that the writers of the class with which we have been dealing vigorously and perseveringly address themselves. In their attempt at this, they make common cause, though for a different purpose, with the agents of the Roman usurpation. Now is not the time, certainly, for vaunting eulogies on the Bible, or for sweeping denunciations of Popery on this side, or German infidelity on that, but for a calm, investigating, humble study of the Bible for our personal guidance, and for a well-informed declaration of our reasons for revering it above all other books. The first preachers of the gospel were men who thoroughly knew *what* they believed, and *why* they believed. They stood before a gainsaying world as witnesses of what they knew. The great Reformers of the sixteenth century were men who felt the strength of believing great and worthy truths. So were leading spirits among the Puritans. So, we think, were the movers in the great evangelical awakening which produced the several phases of Methodism in the Established Church, and among Nonconformist bodies, a century ago. None of these men lived upon the 'Creed of Christendom;' they lived on the gospel of Christ—not by the written faith of others, but by the personal faith that was in their own hearts. In the simplicity of this conscious believing, the prime organizations of Christian benevolence had their origin near the beginning of the present century. Let us not be accused of excessive love of what is new, and of contempt for what is old, if we seek to draw the energy of the passing age into the languid convictions and stereotyped formalisms which are but the fossil remains of a living past. No characteristic of our times is more hopeful than the faith which leading minds exhibit in the fruitfulness of a believed truth. It was this which emancipated the negroes of the British West Indies. It was this that abolished the corn-laws. Judging from appearances, we should augur that it will put an end to war, to capital punishments, to the alliance of the Church with the State, and to other relics of the former misbeliefs of mankind. Why may we not hope for some new manifestation, worthy to be the climax in this series of earnest beliefs, of the powerful working of Christianity in the very centre of the heart of man,



not as a set of disjointed and antagonistic creeds, but as a complete truth, displaying itself in the warmth of deep affections, and in the harmonious activities of a universal life? And if we may hope for this, why should not our inmost souls wrestle stoutly for its attainment? It will never be attained by such disbelievers as the author of this book. He is too frigid, too heartless, too reliant on the negations of a destructive criticism, even to comprehend what we mean. He could no more sympathize with our aspirations, than we could deaden ourselves down to the zero of his sepulchral temperament. We know that Christianity is more than the skeleton of ethical philosophy to which he gives the name, and that much of its power has, at all times, resided in those truths which, however they may be criticised in the 'Creed of Christendom,' are about to vindicate their authority in the grandeur which they will spread, like a golden sunrise, over the uprising world of men whom God has quickened with new life. The majesty of truth walking among men will brook no insults. Brave hearts will know better than to offer them; and craven spirits will not dare, even though their vanity might prompt the wish, to do it. Noble times! We believe they are at hand. We believe that Christians, in their secret chambers, are praying for them. We think we see their harbingers in many nascent forms of social melioration, and in the practical shaping of opinions and events. True to our own beliefs and hopes, we trample beneath our feet the petty cavils and crude denials of the small philosophers, for whom our worst wish is, that they may see the beauty, and feel the glow, of the undying truths which the Son of God has taught us, in that book which our reason accepts, and in which our spirit rejoices, as 'the message sent from heaven for the instruction and salvation of our race.' *'What if some did not believe? Shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect? God forbid: yea, let God be true, but every man a liar; as it is written, That thou mightest be justified in thy sayings, and mightest overcome when thou art judged.'*

ART. III.—*London Labour and the London Poor; a Cyclopædia of the Condition and Earnings of Those that Will Work, Those that Cannot Work, and Those that Will Not Work.* By Henry Mayhew. Vol. I.—The London Street Folk. Book I. Office: Wellington-street, Strand.

THE revelations of this work should give a new tone and colour to the contemporary history of these times. A picture of England in the middle of the nineteenth century is usually drawn in vivid tints to flatter the vanity of our civilization. Political supremacy in Europe; the enjoyment of true liberty; the glories of extended empire; a commerce which visits the remotest shores, and colonies which make a chain round the globe—these, with inferior sources of congratulation, form the invariable substance of our complacent hymns in praise of our own achievements. We forget, or we have hitherto neglected to notice, the existence of a large class, in our metropolis, more degraded than the savages of New Zealand, than the blacks of the Great Karroo, or the insular communities of the Pacific. It is not a petty tribe, composed of outcasts and vagrants, incident to every social system; but a nation, numbered by thousands, which daily wanders through our streets, and carries on perpetual warfare against society. Such a fact should be remembered by us when we indulge in grandiloquent panegyrics upon the refined and polished state of manners, the general happiness, the public riches, and the universal freedom, under the discipline of just laws, which render England the Corinthian capital—the moral Acropolis—of Europe. We despise other times and other systems; we look on this as the illuminated age, whose lustre radiates from our own central city; but Athens had no such class, nor had Rome. North America has no such class, nor have the Swiss cantons.

Henry Mayhew has dug up the foundations of society, and exposed them to light. He has travelled through the unknown regions of our metropolis, and returned with full reports concerning the strange tribes of men which he may be said to have discovered. For, until his researches had taken place, who knew of the nomade race which daily carries on its predatory operations in our streets, and nightly disappears in quarters wholly unvisited as well by the portly citizens of the East as by perfumed whiskerandoes of the West End? An important and valuable addition has thus been made to our knowledge. In a volume replete with curious facts, authenticated by absolute proof, as well as by the high character of the author, we have a description of a class of the population perfectly marvellous to

contemplate. We shall lay before our readers the leading facts which our author has brought to light, but refer them to the book itself for the wonderful details, for the innumerable anecdotes, for the episodes of romance, for the philosophic reflections, and the infinite variety of pictures, which render it the most remarkable work of the age.

The population of the globe is divided into two distinct and broadly-marked races—the wanderers and the settlers—the vagabond and the citizen—the nomadic and the civilized tribes. The nomadic exist, more or less, in most regions. Such are the Bushmen and Sonquas of the Hottentot race; such are the Fingoes; such are the savages of New Holland. Such, also, are the street folk of London; and these are distinguished from the other classes of the community precisely as nomades in all parts of the world are distinguished—by a greater development of the animal than of the intellectual or moral nature; by their high cheek bones and protruding jaws; by their use of a slang language; by their lax ideas of property; by their general improvidence; by their repugnance to continuous labour; by their disregard of female honour; by their love of cruelty; by their pugnacity; and by their utter want of religion. They form several orders, and we shall now notice the street sellers, buyers, finders, performers, artists, showmen, artificers and labourers; but the traders will occupy our chief attention, for Mr. Mayhew promises another volume to complete the subject.

It is first important to ascertain the numbers of this strange race, which increases faster than any other class of the population—a portentous fact, when we remember that in the United States the contrary is true. There the prosperous multiply; here, the poor. From the most strict and moderate calculation, there are upwards of fifty thousand individuals, or about a fortieth of the inhabitants of London, gaining a livelihood in the streets—the most precarious of all means of livelihood. Their yearly ‘takings’ amount to 2,500,000*l*. They are intellectually, morally, and religiously degraded. They are in an unchanging atmosphere of ignorance, vice, and want. ‘The public,’ says Mr. Mayhew, ‘have but to read the following plain, unvarnished account of the habits, amusements, dealings, education, politics, and religion of the London costermongers in the nineteenth century; and then to say whether they think it safe—even if it be thought fit—to allow men, women, and children, to continue in such a state.’

These costermongers form a distinct, and, to a great extent, an isolated class of the street folk. Under the term is included those who deal in fish, fruit, and vegetables, bought at the markets, which they sell at their stalls, or on their ‘rounds,’



varying from two to three miles. Saturday night and Sunday morning are their great opportunities for business, and then the street-marts are held with mighty clamour and excitement. There are ten of these street-markets on the Surrey, and twenty-seven on the Middlesex, side of the Thames ; attended by 3,801 hucksters, with an average of 102 to each.

The amusements of this class are characteristic of their condition. Four hundred beershops, consecrated to their use, supply them with places of resort. Gambling, skittles, sparring, boxing, and other practices, enliven their leisure hours ; and we learn the truth of the remark, that 'there is a close resemblance between many of the characteristics of a very high class, socially, and a very low class.' 'Twopenny hops,' or cheap dances, with the galleries of the inferior theatres, supply them also with entertainment. Three times a week is the usual dramatic allowance of a prosperous 'coster.' They cannot, as they say, make end or side out of *Hamlet*. *Macbeth* would be better liked if it contained nothing but the witches' scenes, and the fighting. Music is popular. Nigger songs once pleased, but are now out of date. Translations of 'Mourir pour la Patrie' and the 'Marseillaise' are much in vogue. A good chorus is necessary. 'They like something, sir,' said one informant, 'that is worth hearing—such as 'The Soldier's Dream,' 'The Dream of Napoleon,' or 'I 'ad a Dream, an 'appy Dream.' Those in ridicule of Marshal Haynau, and in praise of Paul Jones, are especial favourites ; but the chorus of 'Rule Britannia'—'Britons never shall be slaves,' is often rendered, in bitter allusion to the monopoly of political privileges, 'Britons always shall be slaves.'

The sports of the 'coster' are peculiar. Rat-killing, dog-fighting, pigeon-shooting, and boxing, are in high estimation. No amusement, however, is so popular as annoying or harassing the police ; and many a boy has willingly gone to prison for the satisfaction of inflicting a brick-bat wound upon some particular enemy in the force. In connexion with this subject, the politics of the costermonger should be noticed. They are all Chartists ; but often with the most vague ideas of the principles they profess to adopt. Free trade is frequently supported, because it brings a cheap loaf ; but, with this exception, their ideas seldom go beyond the tyrants in blue coats and shining hats, who overlook their proceedings, and whom they regard as their natural enemies. 'I am assured,' says Mr. Mayhew, 'that in case of a political riot, every "coster" would seize his policeman.' Nor can they at all understand why their leaders exhort them to peace and quietness, 'when they might as well fight it out at once.' This proves that the statesman should regard them as a dangerous class. There is a sleeping volcano in the bosom of the State.

Formidable as they are in a political point of view, the members of this class should be dreaded for the moral disease which they perpetuate and spread. The social law with them is little binding. Not more than one-tenth of the couples living together are married; but in Clerkenwell, where the incumbent performs the ceremony without a fee, a fifth of the whole are lawfully wedded—a fact for the consideration of the ministers of religion. The fee thus exacted is proved to be a tax upon morality. Few, however, attach much significance to the tie which unites them at the altar, except as a legal link which they cannot break at pleasure—for, as a class, they have no religion at all, little idea of a future state, and scarcely any respect for the missionaries, who descend, as it were, from an upper world to teach them. Nor is this a wonderful circumstance, since true religion is incompatible with total ignorance. No more than one in ten is able to read; but they are eager to learn, and grateful to those who come among them in a philanthropic spirit, mingling care for their present welfare with solicitude for their moral elevation. At this moment, a large order of men remains, as Mr. Mayhew phrases it, in brutish ignorance; and he truly adds, that it is a national disgrace.

But the costermongers are aliens, not only from our amusements, from our tastes, from our customs, from our education, but also from our language. They have a dialect of their own, of which the volume supplies many curious specimens. Their original names are laid aside for slang appellations, and their children are taught in this tongue, as well as by example, that the duties of their future life consist in earning a livelihood, little matter by what means. Yet there is a literature among these barbarians, and there are those who can read it to the others. Tales of vice, with pretended revelations and real accounts of courts, with other loathsome subjects, they greedily devour. Cruickshank's 'Bottle' was highly admired, but men who pronounced it 'prime,' became drunk three hours afterwards. Altogether, the kind of writing relished among them is of a low order, and the most contemptible scrawlers, for the most part, fill the high places in their literary Pantheon.

Among men so removed in sentiment and practice from all that appears virtuous or pure, it seems remarkable to find honesty a characteristic. That is to say—they will defraud their customers to any extent, but they never rob each other, nor do regular thieves often assail them. It is computed that property worth ten thousand pounds, belonging to costers, is daily left exposed in the streets or markets, yet instances of theft are extremely rare. They never give a culprit into charge, but punish him by Lynch law.

The means of livelihood adopted by the costermongers are generally uniform. With pony or donkey-carts, hand-barrows, baskets, cans, trays, boxes, or slings, they patrol the town, or station themselves in various places, vending their humble commodities. Their beasts of draught are purchased at Smithfield, and are almost universally well treated—as much from good-feeling as from prudence. The costermonger, though a trader, is not often a capitalist. Three-fourths of them traffic upon borrowed property—paying no less than an average interest of twenty per cent. per week, or at the rate of 1,040*l.* a-year for every 100*l.* advanced. The people who buy from them suffer by this iniquitous system of usury, for, of course, the amount is added to the real value of the article, and thus a cruel robbery is perpetrated upon the humble and the poor; for fraud is resorted to, not from choice, but from necessity. The indigent are by nature honest. ‘Mrs. Chisholm has lent out, at different times, as much as 160,000*l.* that has been entrusted to her for the use of “the lower orders,” and the whole of this large amount has been returned with the exception of 12*l.*! I myself have often given a sovereign to professed thieves to get changed, and never knew one to make off with the money.’

False weights and measures are in general use; but it is not so much from inclination as from necessity that this fraud is resorted to. A man starts to sell cherries fairly at fourpence a pound. A boy starts after him, and cries them at twopence, giving half the just quantity. The man, therefore, in order to do any business, lowers his charge. ‘The coster makes it a rule never to refuse an offer, and if people *will* give him less than what he considers his proper price, why he gives them less than their proper quantity.’ An association, however, has been formed among them, pledged to deal fairly, and any member of it infringing the rule is liable to be expelled. There is a strong disposition, indeed, to trade honestly if all would consent alike. ‘There’s plenty among us,’ said one, ‘would pay for an inspector of weights. I would.’

Some of the costers depute boys to sell their goods, exacting from them daily a certain amount, above which all they earn they may keep. The treatment of the lads varies, of course, with the disposition of their masters. In other cases, children are thrust into the streets to support their parents, and these juvenile traders are early initiated in all the forms of vice, especially drinking, although an act of Parliament forbids any sort of distilled or exciseable liquor to be sold, for consumption on the premises, to boys or girls apparently under sixteen years of age. Considering, however, the hard lives they lead, it is not surprising to hear that they accept any kind of indulgence with



avidity. We pass over the painful view of their manners; we pass over the still more painful account of the young girls educated to immorality. The localities inhabited by these tribes are scattered over the town, and are of various classes, according to the prosperity or providence of the dwellers. The dress is not usually bad, the diet is not very poor, while some of the costermongers refresh themselves by annual 'rounds' in the country.

Respecting the earnings of the costermongers, they vary with the seasons. The average of the year, however, is about fourteen shillings and sixpence a week, when a man pursues his calling regularly, selling fish in one month, flowers in another, apples in a third, oranges in a fourth, with cherries and plums in July and August. It is calculated that the property—in animals, vehicles, and stock—of the costermongers in the streets of London, is worth about 24,000*l.* The total paid for hire and interest may be 22,550*l.*; while the whole amount of their earnings is about 260,000*l.* Reckoning that thirty thousand individuals have to be supported on this, it gives to each an average of three shillings and fourpence a week. Like all wandering tribes, however, they are generally improvident. Times of hardship are not thought of until they come. 'Three wet days,' said a clergyman now engaged in selling stenographic cards in the streets, 'will bring the greater part of thirty thousand people to the brink of starvation.' 'This statement, terrible as it is,' adds Mr. Mayhew, 'is not exaggerated.' When, therefore, it is remembered that rain usually falls in London a hundred and sixty days in the year, it may be conceived how precarious such a means of life must be. Sickness has peculiar terrors for such a class, though, by raffles and other devices, the prosperous relieve the needy. Occasionally the law, and the cupidity of shopkeepers, interferes with their gains, so that we cannot harshly judge them if their tricks and frauds are numerous. It is an evident truth that, if an ignorant class of men is left without a chance of honest livelihood, it will resort to equivocal means.

Of the innumerable millions of fish annually consumed in London, the costermongers sell a considerable proportion. Nearly a thousand millions of 'wet fish,' such as salmon, cod, mackerel, &c., are disposed of by them. Of these more than eight hundred millions and a half are herrings. They take about 10,000*l.* for the sprats they sell during a season of ten weeks. Oysters, lobsters, mussels, periwinkles, whelks, and crabs, are also devoured in incredible quantities; while nearly eight hundred thousand pints of shrimps may be added to the list. Nearly a million and a half sterling is annually spent by the poorer classes of London in this de-

scription of food ; a statement which at first appears incredible. When we recollect, however, that the working men of the metropolis, with their wives and children, make up a million of individuals, this sum allows hardly an average of a penny a day per head to all. Fish is less nourishing than many other kinds of provision, which indicates an injudicious application of their means by the poor.

Next we have the fruit sales of the costermongers ; then those of vegetables. They sell yearly green fruit to the value of 333,000*l.*, dry fruit, 1,000*l.*, vegetables, 292,000*l.*—or 626,000*l.* altogether.

Leaving the itinerant traders, we come to the stationary, and find that eight thousand stalls for the sale of food, toys, and various articles, are scattered through London. Those for toys are most numerous, sweetmeats next, tin-wares next, and elder-wine stalls are least numerous. We do not dwell particularly on them, but leave this class with an allusion to the public meeting composed of its members, at which Mr. Mayhew presided, on the 12th of June, 1850. The speakers complained bitterly of their position and of the police, who appear to use them ill. We hope they will be protected from these petty tyrants, who are civil to well-dressed people, but often, as we can testify from personal observation, grossly insult and irritate the poor. One of the speakers was a classical scholar, son of an officer in the army, broken by misfortune. Another was a clergyman of the Established Church, who had preached before fashionable audiences, and was unrecognised in his poverty by another clergyman and four curates, who, when he was prosperous, had attended his church. Was that Christian in these ministers of God ? Should they not rather have helped their poor brother in his time of need ? A third man, addressing the assemblage, reminded them of an important fact, that the rich become rich on the labours of the poor, and his remark was received with loud applause.

The street Irish form a numerous and peculiar class, which has increased of late years. They number about ten thousand, and are viewed with little good will by the English. They have been driven from their country, almost invariably, by the misrule it suffers under bad government and priestcraft. Their condition is low, but the virtue of their women is superior.

The sellers of game and poultry, of rabbits, butter, cheese, eggs, flowers, roots, trees, shrubs, lavender, seeds, laurel, ivy, holly, may, and palm, are described, with curious statistics of this interesting trade. The rose is still a favourite flower with poor and rich. One million six hundred and twenty eight thousand of these are sold annually in the streets. Musk plants and

marigold are the most popular roots, and myrtle is the most popular shrub. Watercresses, groundsel, chickweed, turf, and plantain, are other articles of sale. Of eatables, pea soup, hot eels, pickled whelks, fried fish, baked potatoes, sheep's trotters, ham sandwiches, bread and hot green peas, are vended in great quantities. Provisions also for cats and dogs enter into this busy commerce. Tea and coffee stalls have increased wonderfully, especially the latter, since the duty was lowered. Then there are ginger beer, which flows in every street, lemonade, sherbet, elder wine, peppermint water, with curds, whey, and pine water. Pie-men, sellers of puddings, plum dough cakes, tarts, gingerbread, buns, muffins, crumpets, sweet stuff, cough drops, ices, and ice creams, swell the category of these little mercantile adventures. Ices and ice-creams are 'recent novelties.' Gentlemen's servants and servant-maids are the principal customers, for working men cannot understand the pleasure of swallowing these cool delicacies. About 203,000*l.* is annually expended in the streets on eatables and drinkables.

One of the most original and interesting chapters in Mr. Mayhew's extraordinary work is that on the publishers, authors, and salesmen of street literature in London. One printer made 10,000*l.* in this way. Songs are sold by the yard, and they must be of a peculiar quality. The topic must suit the day, and be one of present interest. A ballad on Jane Wilbred was very successful. It was not written in language so choice as Haynes Bailey would have used, but it struck the taste of the nomade tribe:—

‘Jane Wilbred we did starve, and beat her very hard,  
I confess we used her very cruel,  
But now in a jail two long years we must bewail,  
We don't fancy mustard in the gruel.’

Of the standard songs, ‘The Pope he leads a happy life,’ ‘There's a good time coming,’ ‘Kate Kearney,’ ‘I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,’ ‘I've been roaming,’ and others, are great favourites. Invented murders, and other tragedies, especially if accompanied with romantic and startling details, or revelations of crimes among the upper classes, circulate wonderfully. The real achievements of the assassin also, such as Rush, the Mannings, and others, were taken advantage of. The Papal aggression was a great boon. For the first time in his life, a ‘patterer’ declared he had been patronized by clergymen for singing songs against the Pope. One gave half-a-crown, another a fourpenny-piece, another was liberal in contributing to the pleasures of the fifth of November. If there is nothing really startling, somebody is killed for the occasion. One man told



Mr. Mayhew that he had put the Duke of Wellington to death twice: once by a fall from his horse, the other time by a 'sudden and mysterious fate.' He had performed the same mortal office on two occasions for Louis Philippe: once by stabbing, and then by shooting. He would have poisoned the Pope, but was afraid of the Irish Catholics. He had broken Prince Albert's leg, and made the Queen bear three children at a time. He had apprehended Feargus O'Connor on a charge of high treason. He had assassinated that wretched pretender Louis Napoleon 'from a *fourth* edition of the "Times,"' which 'did well,' and was probably as true as many of 'our own correspondent's' announcements. Marshal Haynau had died under his hands after the assault by the draymen. Rush had hung himself in prison. Jane Wilbred had perished from the ill-usage she experienced; and Mrs. Sloane was dead of remorse.

Famous buildings also are burned down by these imaginative wanderers. Canterbury Cathedral, Dover Castle, Edinburgh Castle, the Brighton Pavilion, or Holyrood House, succeed; but it is no use attempting Windsor Castle or Hampton Court, 'for unless people *saw* the reflection of a great fire, they wouldn't buy.' They also parade the squares with second editions of the evening papers—the brilliant leaders and abundant intelligence of the 'Sun,' and the news of the 'Globe.'

Political litanies, catechisms, satirical dialogues, are vended in considerable abundance. There is a class of street literature so incendiary, libellous, irreligious, or indecent, that no one dares to *vend* it. The patterer, therefore, escapes the enactment by *selling* to each customer a *straw*, and *giving* him the publication. Before the press was so free as at present, this system was very extensively practised, even with publications of admirable spirit. The 'Republican,' about twenty-six years ago, was circulated in this manner. Remarks on the trial of Queen Caroline were also thus distributed; and at the time of the old Reform Bill, when the Tory party sought to defend their feudal tyranny, they were assailed by flying squadrons of light tracts, dispersed over the town by the *straw* system. Men could not be prosecuted for *giving*, but only for *selling* such writings. Next spring there will be less need for such devices. The liberty of unlicensed printing is almost complete, and when the fiscal burdens are removed, will be perfectly so. About fifty sellers of religious tracts perambulate the streets; more than half of them are Hindus, Negroes, or Malays from the Indian Archipelago. We have full accounts of all these classes, their places of habitation, modes of life, and characteristics of the low lodging-houses they frequent; of the filth, dishonesty, and immorality there prevalent; and of all the phases of existence displayed among them.

The authors of the effusions we have alluded to are very poor men. They never get more than a shilling for writing a song. One poet, whose songs have sold by tens of thousands, remains on a sick bed, in the humblest indigence—while his verses are chaunted by myriads of tongues—really household words among the working classes. There is also the literature of the gallows, ‘last sorrowful lamentations,’ ‘life, trial, and confessions,’ ‘particulars of the execution,’ ‘condemned sermons,’ ‘death verses.’ Two millions and a half of copies sold relating to the murderer Rush; the same number relating to the Mannings; and the cost of songs relating to these assassins, together with the money expended on their account on penny broad sheets, amounted to 48,000*l*. Such is the morbid taste of the public.

There is also the art of the streets, and the music. The whole sum annually expended on stationery, literature, and the fine arts, is about 34,000*l*.

The ‘petitioners’ form a select class, which preys on susceptible individuals, who cannot discriminate between genuine misery and the clever counterfeits of it. ‘A Court Guide’ is usually included among the stock-in-trade of these professional beggars. One of them had a book of this kind, with marks opposite the names of numerous persons, known to be charitable, and observations appended. The man had been thirty years in this line of business. Among his entries were the following :—‘Hon. G. C. Norton—the “beak”—(magistrate)—but good for all that.’ ‘Countess of Essex (only good to sickness or distressed authorship).’ ‘Marquis of Breadalbane (good on anything religious).’ ‘Editor of the Sun.’ ‘Lord George Bentinck (God Almighty wouldn’t let him live : he was too good for this world).’ ‘Mrs. Taggart, Bayswater (her husband is an Unitarian minister, not so good as *she*, but he’ll stand a shilling if you look straight at him, and keep to one story).’ ‘Archdeacon Sinclair, at Kensington (but not so good as Archdeacon Pott, as was there afore him; he *was* a good man; he couldn’t refuse a dog, much more a Christian).’

Another considerable class is formed by the street sellers of manufactured articles—metal, chemicals, china, glass, stones, linen, cotton, and miscellaneous. Their united income falls little short of 190,000*l*. For the variety of interesting details which Mr. Mayhew has collected concerning them, we leave the reader to consult the work itself. We have, we believe, justified our assertion that there is a nation of men, women, and children in London, overwhelmed by ignorance, vice, and poverty—a dangerous leaven in our society, a slumbering fire which may one day break out and devastate the higher regions of the commonwealth. As long as they continue as they

actually are, our civilization will be but a partial scheme, excluding the poor from its advantages. We have made laws for hundreds of years; we have achieved great social triumphs; we have become the first nation; we have piled up, in various stores, the accumulated trophies of our art, our industry, and our versatile skill; we have acquired naval and military fame; and the benignant influences of order, peace, and happiness, have sprung from our bosom to bless whole millions in distant parts of the world. In India we have substituted a wise and beneficent government for a desolating tyranny; in Australia we are reclaiming the desert; in New Zealand we are redeeming the savage; but in our own metropolis vast tribes of barbarians remain unvisited by religion, unrefined in manners, unenlightened by education. Are these debased, immoral, irreligious, fraudulent, and reckless classes civilized? If they are, then we have no right to call the Fingoes barbarians; but if they are not, we have no right to boast of our social institutions. We should rather blush that fifty thousand human beings are thus abandoned in the capital of our empire to the most degrading and dangerous influences. It is not for charity to help them. It is not for private enterprise to elevate them—it is for the Legislature, and until a new spirit is infused into the Legislature, reform among the poor is hopeless. Can the reader imagine what men and women must grow from children who never knew what play was; never enjoyed a gambol in the fields; never breathed one breeze of country air; children that pass at one step from the helplessness of infancy to the self-dependence of maturity, and are taught to labour almost as soon as they leave the mother's breast! In illustration of this let us quote a passage from the account of a little creature, whose whole existence was occupied in supplying the breakfast-tables of the poor with the refreshing but simple luxury of water-cresses.

‘The little girl who gave me the following statement, although only eight years of age, had entirely lost all childish ways, and was, indeed, in thoughts and manner, a woman. There was something cruelly pathetic in hearing this infant, so young that her features had scarcely formed themselves, talking of the bitterest struggles of life with the calm earnestness of one who had endured them all. I did not know how to talk with her. At first I treated her as a child, speaking on childish subjects; so that I might, by being familiar with her, remove all shyness, and get her to narrate her life freely. I asked her about her toys and her games with her companions; but the look of amazement, that answered me, soon put an end to any attempt at fun on my part. I then talked to her about the parks, and whether she ever went to them. “The parks,” she replied, in wonder, “where are they?” I explained to her, telling her that they were large open places with



green grass and tall trees, where beautiful carriages drove about, and people walked for pleasure, and children played. Her eyes brightened up a little as I spoke; and she asked, half doubtingly, "Would they let such as me go there just to look?" All her knowledge seemed to begin and end with watercresses, and what they fetched. She knew no more of London than that part she had seen on her rounds, and believed that no quarter of the town was handsomer or pleasanter than it was at Farringdon-market or Clerkenwell, where she lived. Her little face, pale and thin with privation, *was wrinkled where the dimples ought to have been*, and she would sigh frequently. When some hot dinner was offered to her, she would not touch it, because if she ate too much "it made her sick," she said; "and she wasn't used to meat only on a Sunday."—P. 151.

The work contains many anecdotes illustrative of the truth that the more precious sentiments of human nature are often plants of hardy growth, which bloom in the coldest winter of poverty. Girls have worked themselves blind to support their parents; paralyzed old men have dragged themselves through the streets to maintain their bedridden wives; orphan sisters have laboured day and night providing food for their younger brothers, and many of them preserve themselves in virtue and modesty, notwithstanding all temptations. There are hearts so rich in feeling that the longest trials will not exhaust them. We know of one poor widow, accustomed to much sorrow, who planted a cypress on the spot where her son was killed by accident, and yearly went to view the tree, until its foliage flowed in full beauty above the place. Henry Mayhew supplies numerous similar anecdotes, which will entertain all readers.

We entreat public attention to Mr. Mayhew's revelations of London. If ignorance could, up to this time, be pleaded in defence of our neglect, there is no longer any such retreat for the consciences of indolent politicians. It is idle to reiterate the hollow remark that legislation cannot deal with such classes, that law cannot elevate them, purify their morals, or refine their manners. Parliament can and must effect a change, or we may be awakened from an indifference by a catastrophe not the less portentous because it should have been foreseen. This is by no means mere speculation. It is impossible to deny that a large class of men, such as we have shown the street-wanderers to be, must form a dangerous element in society. That element is continually increasing its power, because it is perpetually multiplied. The process will not go on for ever. Combustible materials will not for ever accumulate, without an explosion one day taking place. It is, consequently, imperative on the Legislature to direct an inquiry into the means of reforming these people. We cannot here suggest a plan, but Henry Mayhew

has, doubtless, matured one, and his opinion will be very valuable. He now proposes to deal with the immoral classes of London, and to extend a comparative view of the same subject over all the world—a most interesting investigation.

Meanwhile we recommend our readers to examine Mr. Mayhew's noble work for themselves. They will find it more entertaining than any fiction. It is a history of the poor in the nineteenth century, and is illustrated by numerous woodcuts from daguerreotypes by Beard. The interest of the volume is enhanced by an admirable portrait of the author. We should mention, also, that it is dedicated to one of the most kindly and brilliant writers of his age—Douglas Jerrold.

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ART. IV.—*Memoir of William Allen, F.R.S.* By James Sherman, Minister of Surrey Chapel. London: Gilpin.

WHO that has lost a beloved kinsman by the hand of death, does not rejoice in the fact that he possesses on canvass or in marble the resemblance of him who has passed away? With what a melancholy pleasure does he look on that which bodies forth the well-known features, the serene, expansive brow, the lineaments in which both wisdom and power seemed to have their manifestation—the face of him who shall be venerated and beloved so long as ‘memory holds her seat.’ A great people has always loved the busts of its ancestors; and the galleries and museums of Europe would really lose their happiest influences, if they ceased to contain the all-but-speaking portraits of the illustrious and the good. As we visit the edifices in which are stored the relics of the great and unforgotten past—the statues and portraits of men of whom the mortal only could die—the eye does not fasten with greatest satisfaction on helmed old warriors, the heroes of many fields; on formal justice, in official gravity and enormity of wig; on coronetted beauty, at once frivolous and insipid; nor on kings, in whose very features we read the story of their hereditary feebleness or their lust for power. But when we look upon the statue of the poet, whose word alone shook the world; upon the portrait, wondrously true to nature; of the philanthropist, ‘who went about doing good;’ of the statesman, who won ‘the applause of listening senates;’ of the high-souled son of science, who, by his discoveries, removed much ruggedness from the path of life, and gave health and comfort to thousands;—we rejoice that we possess something to show

against devouring time, and, in our little triumph, we exclaim with one of the greatest of our poets,

‘Blest be the art which can immortalize!’

Literature beautifully supplies the lack when art fails us; and the pen of the historian, if it cannot represent the resemblance of the bodily forms of the good and great, can give us their mental and spiritual characteristics; so that, while the chisel and the pencil can delineate only the outward and the mortal, the biographer records the inward and the spiritual—that which cannot die.

William Allen, born on the twenty-ninth of August, 1770, was the son of Job Allen, a silk-manufacturer in Spitalfields, and a worthy member of the Society of Friends. His parents belonged not to that party among the Quakers whose distinguishing characteristic is the peculiarity of their garb—the rigorous observance of those forms which appear trivial and frivolous when they obtain as essentials in a man’s religious practice. They were sincere and lowly children of the truth, in whose thought holiness of life is of more worth, in the sight of the great Judge of all men, than a mere rigid distinctiveness of belief. Guided by the counsels of his father, in whom correctness of perception seemed to be united with maturity of wisdom, he had that inestimable treasure, an earnestly-religious mother—a woman of a singularly serene and benignant spirit, to whom her son was indebted, during a large portion of his life, for much judicious counsel, and who shows in this history as the beloved, the venerable, and the good. These excellent people were anxious that their son should receive, in the course of his education, not merely a knowledge of the great facts in the story of mankind, and the glorious results of science; but chiefly that he should learn his duties and obligations as a citizen of the world, as a member of the great human brotherhood, and as a heritor of the dignities and purities of the everlasting life. Guided by their simple but sublime faith, they regarded the shows of time as pomps and vanities; they knew that only what is true is good and enduring; that holiness of life is superior to the circumstances of rank; and that true greatness consists in the careful and complete fulfilment of one’s mission, and in the resemblance of the soul to that Example whom God has given that man should imitate his goodness and emulate his perfectness. Obeying and delighting in his precepts, these children of the truth could not easily err, either in their individual or relative duties; for they who commit themselves to Divine guidance are ever safely and happily directed through all emergencies, and to the fulfilment of all obligations; and if they obtain not the



highest posts of fame, they dwell in the serene air of truth—they enjoy the blessing, not of a sluggish repose, but of that peace which is rightly understood as it is only truly shared by them who ‘dwell in the shadow of the Almighty.’ So lofty a height, so perfect a peace, with ‘a sober certainty’ of future bliss, did these good Quakers attain and enjoy; and their child could not but be like themselves. We are daily more and more strengthened in the conviction, that the principles which are powerful through the future life of a man have, to a great extent, their implanting and nurture during the tender years of childhood. A mother’s goodness, her sympathy with all that is purest and best on earth, her daily walk with the Highest in faithfulness and prayer; and a father’s aspirations after truth, his struggles to accomplish what is lovely and of good report, his expansive benevolence and charity;—these reflected on the character of their children, give them the happiest tendencies. Too much of our education is theoretic; or we learn too much from hearsay—from books, and not from nature. Our conceptions of God’s fair world are oftener taken from what is artificial than from what is real. We hear truths too much at second-hand. They come to us like coin which has lost its fresh and glittering burnish by passing through the hands of ill-conditioned men. The best thoughts current in our world are infected by the unhealthy atmosphere of society, so that the young people are nourished rather on worn-out ideas, than amid the healthy activities of life. Claude is exact and beautiful in conception and in tint; but, after all, he aims only at an imitation of nature. Let any one study him well, and then go out into the broad valley at eventide, and look on the glories of the declining sun, and observe how, under the glowing west, the sloping woods and the river winding in the hollow are all tinged and empurpled by ‘the dying day,’ and he will learn that art is true and lovely only as it can show forth the living outward world. So in morals, the student reads of the holiness, the fervour, and the charity of those who have passed away, and he sees, as in a picture, what it is to be by renewal of heart a child of the Highest; but when he marks all these qualities in the lives of good men with whom his lot is cast, he sees how they give strength to all activities, and beauty to all charities. He contemplates then the possibility of virtue, the loveliness of true goodness; and, emulous of such illustrious examples, he learns that sublime truth which shall influence all his future life—that he is greatest who is most like God.

Such teaching William Allen early received. He was cradled in an atmosphere of piety; truth and purity ministered to his youth; and he went out on that great life-mission for which

Providence destined him, tutored in all that was excellent and ennobling, and fortified against that which otherwise had brought degradation and shame. Beautiful is it to note, how that ever-watchful Providence fences round and guards the early growth and development of the man whose life is to be passed in the service of goodness and mercy ; so that they who are destined to such service are exactly fitted to its accomplishment. It is ever so in the dispensations of that all-wise and beneficent Creator, who conducts the affairs of a good man's life to the happiest issues. No education could have been more exactly adapted to the expansion of the noblest qualities of his nature than that which William Allen received. Exceedingly touching is that picture he has given us of his mother—a woman of a rare moral loveliness—collecting her children around her that, in her own simple language, and adapting her instruction to their capacity, she might teach them ‘of the things which belong to the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus.’

At a very early period in his life he gave indications of genius, and of a taste for philosophical pursuits generally ; and in the volume before us we are informed, that when he was only fourteen years of age, he made a telescope with which he could see the satellites of Jupiter. At the age of seventeen, he began to record the events of his life—a habit which he continued, more or less, through the whole period of his existence. This memoir is chiefly composed of extracts from that singularly-faithful autobiography. Here we discover the early growth of that religious principle which guided and blessed him through life ; that sympathy with all that was purest and kindest in the world ; that indignation against the inhumanities perpetrated on the African tribes ; and that world-wide love of man which shed a lustre around his name, and which will make it an object of veneration, many ages hence, among civilized nations.

Mr. Gurney Bevan, who had long prospered as a chemist in Plough-court, Lombard-street, introduced Mr. Allen, at the age of twenty-one, into his establishment ; and thenceforward the young student could unremittingly apply himself to those chemical pursuits which, in the issue, were to procure not only a considerable reputation to himself, but a lasting benefit to mankind. In his professional studies, however, it is clear from his diary that he forgot not that it is religion—a faithful devotion to the Divine service—which gives the highest dignity to man, even above that which genius can confer. He made it his highest aim to become an imitator of Him who created all things.

In 1795, he was elected a member of the Chemical and Physical Societies, which held their meetings in Guy's Hospital ; and in the same year, by the resignation of Mr. Bevan, Mr.

Allen became chief partner in the lucrative business in Ploughcourt. In addition to attendance on some of the patients in the hospital, whose thankful acknowledgment of his services he regarded as of more value than any fees he might have received, he opened a laboratory in the village of Plaistow. When only twenty-six years of age, he began to lecture on scientific subjects to auditors who were well able to appreciate his enthusiasm. In comparison with its present advancement, chemistry was then in its infancy. It is true that the dreams of Lilly and others had been long since rejected as fabulous and deceptive; nativities were not cast any more by the students of the science; the philosopher's stone was allowed to be a figment of the astrologers and theosophists of the unenlightened past; medicines were certainly no longer the ridiculous and disgusting compounds they had been; ever since the days of Boyle, chemistry had taken a great start, and Black, Crawford, and others had done not a little to advance the science. Availing himself of the researches and discoveries of those who had preceded him, Mr. Allen did much, not merely to increase the accomplished facts of chemistry, but to awaken among seriously-thinking persons a love for the study which unlocks so many of the secrets of nature, and makes man acquainted with the mysteries of his own being. We have been informed by those who heard him lecture at Guy's Hospital, that not only was he most gentle and kindly in his bearing, but also that, while he made use of a perfect scientific terminology, he was peculiarly 'apt to teach;' in the fullest sense, gifted with the art of communicating the results of science.

In the latter part of 1796, Mr. Allen was married, 'at Tottenham Meeting,' to Mary Hamilton, of Redruth, with whom he was destined to spend a brief, though happy year. Before its close, after giving birth to a daughter, her gentle spirit passed away. It was some consolation to the mourning widower that his daughter survived; but, during long years, he sorrowed with a bitter grief that she, whom he loved with so fond an affection, had left him alone in a world that had little in sympathy with himself in his goodness and his charity. Bereaved by that dispensation of Providence, which was as mysterious as it was mournful, he engaged himself unceasingly in works of benevolence, and in making philosophical experiments; in serving on soup-committees during the inclemency of winter, in attending Cooper's lectures at Guy's, 'Haighton's Physiology,' and in studying, with an ardour that was all but enthusiastic, natural philosophy, mathematics, botany, and other branches of knowledge. It were difficult to have found any man of his time who studied more variously or successfully; for, although he was



so much engaged by his professional and scientific pursuits, he always had 'some French and German works in hand.'

But, though his many-sided mind sought various objects of knowledge, and mastered whatever it attempted, William Allen was abundant in his works of charity. With that prescience of results, which is an attribute of great intellect, he was among the first to insist on the application of Jenner's recent discovery; and to this end, he was eager to establish an 'institution for cow-pox inoculation,' in order to check that frightful disease which, in the days of our forefathers, created, on frequent occasions, an alarm such as a cholera-visitation produces among ourselves—a disease which was the peculiar dread of young and old, setting its terrible seal upon charms whose fascination it for ever destroyed. Lecturing, by the invitation of Humphrey Davy, at the Royal Institution; continuing his admirable instruction at Guy's; and labouring incessantly in works of charity; he attained no little reputation with a public who, notwithstanding their proverbial fickleness in the distribution of favours, often recognise and honour true merit. Losing his father and brother in 1805, in the earlier part of the following year he married Charlotte Hanbury, who was worthy to be united to one so earnest in virtue, so constant in charity.

But the noblest efforts of his philanthropy were to be directed to the emancipation of the African slave. For years the merchants of this country had, to a great extent, trafficked in slaves. Vessels were built in London, Liverpool, Bristol, and other English ports, expressly for the transport of negro-captives to our West India islands, and to the harbours of Cuba and Brazil. Crews selected for their boldness and ferocity, and commanders for their skill and unscrupulousness, were despatched to the bights and gulfs which indent the western shore of the African continent. Treaties, or engagements, were formed with the petty chiefs who ruled in the maritime districts, to furnish slaves whenever the vessels cast anchor near their shores; and by paltry bribes of beads, knives, rum, gunpowder, or rusty muskets, these chiefs, more cruel than their inhospitable land, and whose nobler nature was swallowed up in an insatiable selfishness, bartered their subjects like cattle, only with less consideration for their welfare. Those were days in which the admirable sentiments now happily beginning to have force with the public, were either unknown, or held in scorn. Those were the days of war and wrong. The genius of Pitt ruled the English nation, and the tempest of strife, with intervals of peace 'few and far between,' was making havoc in some of the fairest scenes of God's beautiful world. Men had not yet begun to believe in the brotherhood of mankind, though gauger

Robert Burns, 'in woodnotes wild,' had predicted the era when 'man with man shall brothers be.' In those days, merchants who were esteemed in the city, and almost venerated on 'Change, thought it no disgrace to derive their wealth from this inhuman traffic; though, perhaps, we must in fairness conclude that they were ignorant of all its dreadful details. In the conduct of that cruel and unnatural trade, it sometimes, though rarely, happened that the negroes were captured and shipped under circumstances in which, though there was cruelty, there was an absence of the grosser barbarities by which that trade was rendered a special shame to the English flag. Sometimes, the native chiefs, who were frequently engaged in hostilities with their neighbours, sold their prisoners to the English factor, who quietly embarked them for a transatlantic port. But generally the market was scantily supplied, and then negroes were procured under circumstances of monstrous, and almost incredible cruelty. A boatful of ruffians was landed from the slave-ship at anchor in the bight, who, almost maddened by rum, which on such occasions was given in an unlimited quantity, and ferocious in the prospect of plunder and lust, rowed up the river to the neighbourhood of a negro-village. Under cover of midnight, and with hushed voice and stealthy step, the sailors and their native allies surrounded the village, whose people were buried in sleep. Either they secured these wretched people in their huts, or else, firing the dry leaves of which their roofs were constructed, they made an easy prey of the inhabitants, alarmed at the sudden evil, the roar of the flames, and the shouts of the sailors. The negro-men, amazed and unarmed, were quickly overpowered, and many, in the wantonness of their drunken captors, were often cruelly wounded. The women, when their husbands and brothers had been secured—the prey of men who had been many months away from the society of the softer sex—were ravished, often with peculiar aggravations of the crime; the aged hewn down, and the children, if too young to be serviceable, were hurled into their blazing homes, or pierced by the boarding-pike. But all these were only the beginning of horrors. The captives were marched along the river's bank to the depôt, which was conveniently near to the shore. There they underwent the strict scrutiny of the factor, and those who, either by age or by infirmity, were not likely to realize a remunerative sale, were driven out among savages who perhaps were unfriendly to their tribe; or not seldom, we fear, they became running targets for the muskets of the intoxicated sailors. The men and women who were considered gainful, were branded with a red-hot stamp in the shoulder or breast; and then, hungry and wearied, they were rowed off to

the slave-ship. So soon as the captives were carried on board, they were closely stowed away on the slave-deck, the height of which allowed the negroes scarcely space enough to sit upright; and in that fearful prison, the men and women, promiscuously mingled together, were packed as closely as it was possible for them to lie. When the vessel stood out to sea, the sufferings of the wretched captives were fearfully increased. The lurching and rolling of the ship, as she sank or rose from the trough of the sea, hurled them violently against each other, with their wounds still green, the pain from which would be increased by the horrors of sea-sickness among a people who, during their freedom, in most cases, perhaps, had never even beheld the ocean. If it is remembered that each adult requires for his sustenance fifty-seven hogsheads of fresh air during the twenty-four hours, and that these wretched creatures, often five or six hundreds in number, had to exist in a space in which not a tenth of them ought to have remained even for an hour, some faint idea may be conceived of the horrors of the middle passage. Their brutal captors—whose conduct in the result of it always proved the impolicy of cruelty—allowed the miserable negroes but little food, and less water; and this deprivation, in connexion with the foul and pestilential air of their prison, soon converted the slave-ship into a dreadful pest-house. Frequently half the number of slaves shipped perished on the passage. Day by day, the putrefying bodies of the dead were thrown overboard. Shoals of sharks followed the slave-ship on her terrible way, and the carnivorous sea-bird hovered above her mast, watching with eagle eye for the moment when the dead or dying slave was hurled into the deep. But the horrors of the slaver, though the artist and the orator have vied to depict them, will not be fully known till that great day in which it shall be revealed how cruel and how wicked man has been to man.

It was to protest against these horrors that William Allen rose up in righteous indignation, and for the removal of which he resolved to agitate unceasingly. Some Quakers—who, as a sect, have taught the civilized world its noblest lessons, both in philanthropy and religion—so early as 1727 had emancipated their negroes in North America; and twenty-five years later, the Quakers universally had manumitted their slaves. But it was not till 1783 that the first petition was addressed to the English Parliament, praying for the abolition of the trade in slaves. Clarkson and Wilberforce persuaded Mr. Pitt of the inhumanity of the traffic, and he introduced a bill for its suppression into the Lower House. But the merchants of Bristol and Liverpool, supported by the House of Lords, successfully resisted all the efforts of that statesman. At length, in 1807, the



exertions of Clarkson, Wilberforce, William Allen, and others, were completely successful, and *the Abolition Act* became the law of the land; carried simply by the force of public opinion, although the king, and nearly all his family, were opposed to the measure.

On the triumphant issue of the agitation for the abolition of the traffic in slaves, William Allen turned his attention to another object, worthy of his benevolent regard—the education of the children of the poor. During the year 1808, he had become acquainted with Joseph Lancaster, to whom we are greatly indebted as a pioneer who removed many of the difficulties which were in the way to the successful establishment of schools. He seems to have been a man of considerable philanthropy, zeal, and even genius, only it would appear from this memoir that the worthy man failed considerably in discretion, as to his monetary arrangements. Lancaster soon became a favourite with the public, and with the highest personages in the realm. George III. heard of his increasing reputation, and gave him an audience at Weymouth, the details of which are peculiarly characteristic of that often well-meaning but narrow-minded monarch:—

‘On entering the royal presence, the king said, “Lancaster, I have sent for you to give me an account of your system of education, which, I hear, has met with opposition. One master teach five hundred children at the same time! How do you keep them in order, Lancaster?” Lancaster replied, “Please thy majesty, by the same principle thy majesty’s army is kept in order—by the word of command.” His majesty replied, “Good, good; it does not require an aged general to give the command; one of younger years can do it.” Lancaster observed that in his schools the teaching branch was performed by youths, who acted as monitors. The king assented, and said, “Good.” Lancaster then described his system, to which they all paid great attention, and were highly delighted; and as soon as he had finished, his majesty said, “Lancaster, I highly approve of your system, and it is my wish that every poor child in my dominions should be taught to read the Bible; I will do anything you wish, to promote this object.” “Please thy majesty,” said Lancaster, “if the system meets thy approbation, I can go through the country and lecture on it, and have no doubt but, in a few months, I shall be able to give thy majesty an account where ten thousand poor children are being educated, and some of my youths instructing them.” His majesty immediately replied, “Lancaster, I will subscribe 100*l.* annually;” and addressing the queen, “you shall subscribe 50*l.* Charlotte; and the princesses 25*l.* each; and then added, “Lancaster, you may have the money directly.” Lancaster observed, “Please thy majesty, that will be setting thy nobles a good example.” The royal party appeared to smile at this observation; but the queen observed to his majesty, “How cruel it is that enemies should be found who endeavour to

hinder his progress in so good a work." To which the king replied, "Charlotte, a good man seeks his reward in the world to come." Joseph then withdrew.—Pp. 53, 54.

Mr. Allen and his friends took Lancaster by the hand; and after an investigation into his pecuniary derangements, rescued him from many of his difficulties, and, at length, with cordial assistance from the king's sons, the Dukes of Kent and Sussex, from many of the liberal nobility, Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P., and others, the British and Foreign School Society was established. It may be doubted whether the nineteenth century has yet seen the founding of an Institution among us of greater utility than this, or one whose results have had more happy influence on the social history of our country. That School Society, under judicious management, soon began to flourish, and, in its prosperity, a depressing anxiety was removed from his mind. He was appointed, in June, 1816, by the Friends' Yearly Meeting, 'to visit those friends who were in Pyrmont and the South of France.' At Yverdon, Mr. Allen had an interview with his eminent co-worker in the cause of education, Pestalozzi; and in September, at Geneva, after an illness of short continuance, his wife departed 'to the unsuffering kingdom.' While enduring his tremendous sorrow, this man of serene and hallowed mind forgot not that submission to the Divine appointment should be as much the aim of the philosopher, as it is the duty and privilege of the Christian.

It is not our purpose, in this brief notice, to allude to details in his life. Our business is just to mention his noble characteristics, and thus to show how every good and earnest man is an example worthy of imitation. We may, however, state, that after his return to England, the excellent man employed all his energies to accomplish, on an extensive scale, his great object—the education of the poor. His zealous activity brought him into frequent contact with the Dukes of Kent and Sussex, who show to advantage in this biography, and, in the issue, with numerous continental potentates. One of the foremost and most untiring friends of popular instruction, during a considerable portion of his life he travelled among the nations of the continent, for the purpose of recommending to their rulers the educational plans of the British and Foreign School Society. Among the wilds of Sweden he found a welcome, and was regarded as his friend by the monarch of the land; the future history of the Scandinavian people will show how greatly they are indebted to the good Quaker for his charitable zeal. In Russia, the Czar Alexander, who seems to have been a man of some religious instinct and habitude, received him as a brother, freely

conversed and sought instruction from him on the great facts belonging to the spiritual in man, admitted him to the closest intimacy, consulted him as a moral Mentor, and begged his co-operation in such works of benevolence and reform, as the autocratic Russian constitution might permit him to accomplish among his unhappy barbarians. But our limits do not permit us to show how the dignitaries of many civilized people regarded him as a friend and valued counsellor; that, whenever he went on his philanthropic mission, prosperity attended him; and that he was mainly instrumental in giving a vigorous and wholesome impulse to education throughout many of the European nations. The friend and companion alike of royalty and the poor, the defender and patron of all that was good, his whole life, devoted to benevolence, was illumined and guided by the serene light of the faith he held. For the School, Bible, and Anti-Slavery Societies, for the enslaved negro, the degraded African, the Greek, but little worthy of the name, bleeding beneath the Mussulman scimeter, the wretched Lascar, the ignorant and the poor, the famine-stricken and the bereaved, and, indeed, equally for the physical and religious improvement of mankind, he did all that man could effect in a wide-ranging and continual charity. With the honour which ever attaches to the kindly and the good, 'clothed with humility,' revered and beloved, at the age of seventy-three, possessing the tranquillity of him who reposes in God, and hopeful of the perfect life, he rested from his labours.

The British empire, and, indeed, the whole civilized world are under great obligations to the Quakers, who have been society's pioneers to the best reforms. To their kindliness and zeal we must attribute some of the most useful and vigorous of our institutions. Enduring the cruelest persecution in the age of intolerance and wrong, maintaining their right to think and speak, to pray and teach without, or, if need be, in defiance of the permission of king or prelate, to them we owe it that we are, to no small extent, religiously free. We lament that Allen and Gurney—and others of their excellent sect—whom we must regard as public benefactors—do not still survive, to renew the agitation, grown quiescent of late, for the removal from our civil code of the death-statute, which is at once a national detriment and disgrace. Whatever may be the cause for public agitation, whatever obnoxious law requires removal, or whatever good measure requires adoption, if there be needed a protest against tyranny, or a struggle for healthy reform, the Quakers are always found on the right side. Of the illustrious men who have professed their principles, and been conspicuous among them for philanthropy and charity, we know of none who, as



the friend of man, deserves to be more highly ranked than the good William Allen.

The present memoir, undertaken at the request of Mr. Allen's friends, deserves attention from the serious and the thoughtful. It is written in a style of much simplicity, with frequent indications of the amiable author's well-known attachment to all that tends to elevate mankind. We give the volume a cordial welcome, and earnestly commend it to all our readers. If we may be allowed to descend to details, we trust, in the event of a second edition, that the volume will be freed from some orthographical inaccuracies, and that a few expressions will be exchanged for others more in accordance with correct taste.

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ART. V.—1. *Dr. Croly's 'Scenes from Scripture.'* 8vo. London: Colburn.

2. *The Angel World.* By P. J. Bailey. Small 12mo. London: Pickering.

3. *Poems.* By William Allingham. 12mo. London: Chapman and Hall.

4. *The Mind.* By Charles Swain. 8vo. Seeley and Co.

5. *Dramatic Scenes.* By Charles Swain. 8vo. Seeley and Co.

6. *Poems, Legendary and Historical.* By E. A. Freeman and G. W. Cox. 8vo. London: Longman and Co.

7. *Io Anche: or, Poems chiefly Lyrical.* By Thomas Smibert. 12mo. London: Groombridge.

8. *Songs of Consolation.* By Katharine Barland. Small 12mo. London: Groombridge.

9. *A Life Fragment.* By Alexander Smith. (MS.)

SUCH are the titles we have selected from a vast host of poems sent us recently—selected on this principle, that they are, on the whole, the best, the *primitiæ*, next to one or two poems we have formerly reviewed, of our recent poetry. And to a rapid, and, we are certain, a sincere estimate of their very various merits, we now address ourselves.

First comes that grand old giant, Dr. Croly. None differ more than we do from many of Dr. Croly's opinions on political and other subjects. A Conservative of the Conservatives—an Orangeman in spirit—he is, at the same time, one of the most

honest, distinctly-defined, able, and powerfully-prolific, of our modern literary men. His conceptions are clear, strong, and native—his spirit has much of the antique boldness and energy—his acquirements are of rare abundance and reality—and his language is manly, dignified, daring, yet seldom extravagant. On every subject he pursues a solitary and independent path, careless whether he be followed or not; and the echoes of his march are like those of thunder. Yet there is little that is sulphurous either in his glare or in his gloom; his lightning often darts from a cloudless sky, and his thunder-cloud is bound by rainbows and brightened by evening sunshine. He has found his models exclusively in the austere remains of antiquity—in the simple strength and aboriginal fire of Homer, or in the wilder and sterner song of Æschylus, that Titan of the drama—or, above all, in those Hebrew oracles, which came flaming from the Living God. No writer of the age has drunk more deeply, more largely, or so long and so devoutly, at Siloa's brook, Jordan's waters, and that volcanic stream which ran down the dark sides of Sinai when it was altogether on a smoke, and Jehovah was communicating with Moses in signals of devouring fire. No one has more entirely or more contemptuously held himself aloof from all those scepticisms of the day which would cast doubts upon the divine inspiration of Jewish song. As well might these have been addressed to Moses himself, as he, with blazing eye, shining face, step which in its haste and fury ground the very rocks, descended from the hill, laden with the awful handwriting, the '*burden*' of the Most High. And no one has, in many of his better prose or poetical compositions, caught more thoroughly, or more naturally rendered back, the fierce burning raptures of the prophetic spirit. He has fewer sympathies with the New Testament writers; and feels less at home among the mild and plain evangelists of the Lamb. But he has received the fiery token of admittance into the company of that elder race, who spake as they were moved, and whose words are still rushing on in their several furrows of power, like red-hot ploughshares through the field of the world, and are never to be quenched till the world itself expire! Toward the height which Malachi left when, with the word '*curse*' on his lips, he plunged after his brethren from his prophetic summit into the darkness of death, Croly has bent an eagle eye and turned a daring foot. His '*Salathiel*,' in many parts, breathes the genuine air of Palestine, and is bright with its gorgeous colours. And the Sacred Scenes before us could only have been written by a man who unites a constitutional sympathy with the Hebrew mind, to a profound belief in the *highest* claims of its writers.

They are, in general, carefully as well as eloquently written. Our great objection to a large class of them—that, namely, of ‘Woes or Burdens,’ resembling those of the prophets—is a uniformity of spirit, sentiment, style, and measure, which sometimes deadens their effect, and turns the sweet, swelling, and varied voices of the ‘watchmen upon Zion’s walls’ into monotonies like the barks of a homeless dog astray among the hills. The best of this class is ‘Elisha in Dothan,’ decidedly one of the sublimest lyrics in the language. It is almost the only paraphrase of Scripture we know which does not injure the original, but instead, makes new glory gush out at its touch. Besides these more ambitious productions, Croly scatters here and there some delightful minor strains. Such is his ‘Power of Prayer.’ We quote the two last stanzas, which will interpret themselves to all who know Dr. Croly’s past history and his recent bereavement:—

‘Hast thou, man of intellect,  
Seen thy soaring spirit checked;  
Struggling in the righteous cause,  
Champion of God’s slighted laws?  
Seen the slave, or the supine,  
Win the prize that should be thine?  
Wouldst thou scorn and wouldst thou spare?  
Kneel and seek the power of prayer.

Hast thou stood beside the bed  
Where the gentle spirit fled?  
Sharer of life’s hopes and fears,  
Youth’s first passion, love of years,  
Saint on earth and saint above,  
Life of life, and love of love,  
Wouldst thou shun the last despair?  
Kneel, and seek the power of prayer.’

The paraphrase of the opening chorus in the ‘Faust’ is magnificent, and one smiles to find the two strangely-different voices of Goethe and Croly harmoniously reconciled in the praise of God. You almost hear in it the first note of *that* anthem which is to unite ‘every creature’ in the worship of the God-man. We quote it entire:—

‘HYMN OF THE UNIVERSE.

‘Roll on, thou sun! in glory roll,  
Thou giant rushing through the heaven,  
Creation’s wonder, nature’s soul,  
Thou hast no morn, and hast no even;



The planets die without thy blaze,  
 The cherubim with star-dropt wing,  
 Float on the ocean of thy rays,  
 Thou brightest emblem of their king.  
 Roll, lovely earth, in night and noon,  
 With ocean's band of beauty bound,  
 While one sweet orb, the pearly moon,  
 Pursues thee through the blue profound;  
 And angels, with delighted eyes,  
 Behold thy plains, and mounts, and streams,  
 In day's magnificence of dyes,  
 Swift-whirling, like transcendent dreams.  
 Roll, planets, on your dazzling road,  
 For ever sweeping round the sun.  
 What eye beheld when first ye glowed?  
 What eye shall see your courses done?  
 Roll in your solemn majesty,  
 Ye deathless splendours of the skies;  
 Ye altars, from which angels see  
 The incense of creation rise.  
 Roll, comets, on your flaming cars,  
 Ye heralds of sublimer skies;  
 Roll on, ye million-million stars,  
 Ye hosts, ye heavens of Galaxies!  
 Ye, who the wilds of Nature roam,  
 Unknown to all but angel wings,  
 Tell us in what more glorious dome  
 Rules all your worlds, the King of kings.'

We are tempted to complete the wondrous harmony by allowing a third, a shriller and stranger voice, to mingle in it. It is Shelley's, thus translating the same thunder psalm of Goethe:—

'The sun makes music, as of old,  
 Amid the rival spheres of Heaven,  
 On its predestined circle rolled  
 With thunder speed, the angels even  
 Draw strength from gazing on its glance,  
 Though none its meaning fathom may.  
 The world's unwithered countenance  
 Is bright as on creation's day.  
 And swift, and swift, with rapid lightness,  
 The adorned earth spins silently,  
 Alternating Elysian brightness  
 With deep and dreadful night; the sea  
 Foams in broad billows from the deep  
 Up to the rocks; and rocks and ocean  
 Onward, in spheres that never sleep,  
 Are hurried in eternal motion.

And tempests in contention roar  
 From land to sea, from sea to land ;  
 And, raging, weave a chain of power  
 Which girds the earth as with a band.  
 A flashing desolation there  
 Flames before the thunders way,  
 But thy servants, Lord, revere  
 The gentle changes of thy day.'

Thus—if we may continue our former allusion—from 'Earth,' where Goethe resided as a god of the seen and sensible ; from 'Heaven,' the heaven of Christian faith, where Croly is proud to minister at the altar ; and even from 'under the Earth,' where poor Shelley raved, and shrieked, and tried to heave up Etnas with his solitary shoulder—are combined the parts of a threefold chorus, going up to the one Great Spirit, 'of whom, and *through* whom, and *to* whom are all things.'

Besides the scriptural scenes which are the staple of this volume, there are a few poems, founded on classical subjects. The finest of these is 'the Furies,' for which we regret we have not room. It is stiff, strong, glittering, and terrible as a serpent from Medusa's locks. It contains the essence of Æschylus's play on the subject. Nor must we, in closing our rapid glance, omit to notice the prose Dr. Croly has interspersed among his verse. It is refreshing in these days of affectation—French grimace, or 'German silver,' or mystic delirium in the shape of prose—to light on such manly, clear, and majestic English, expressing in it sense, genius, and Christian faith, as may be found in almost every sentence of the preface and the prefixes to the 'Scenes from Scripture.'

Our apposition of Bailey and the 'Angel World' to Croly and his poems was quite accidental. Although, had we wished to point a sharp antithesis between opposite styles and schools, we could not have found more ample materials for it than here. No two authors of the day are more unlike. Both are Christians, but with the one, the 'letter' predominates ; with the other, the 'spirit' is all. Both are poets, but the poetry of the one is that of a modern Hebrew ; the other, that of a German of the next century. The style of the one is severe amid its exuberance, classical amid its grandeurs ; its power has been purged at the fire of the ancient sanctuary ; its gorgeous flowers are bound in a priestly fillet of the purest white. Bailey's muse is a Mœnad, and her utterances and her motions are wild and tumultuous as those of the Witches on a May-day night. Croly, as a theologian, sympathizes characteristically with the selection, the exclusiveness, the solitude of the old economy. Bailey would outrun the very apostles, would outfly the very angels of

the new, and bring, not merely all nations, but all men back to the bosom of God.

The 'Angel World' was intended originally as a part of 'Festus,' a poem so formed as to be able and ready to fold in 'anything,' or all things within it; and into a corner of whose prodigious expanse a Task or a Course of Time (the Calvinism omitted) might have been thrust! Mr. Bailey, however, should have acquainted his readers with this in a preface, as it would have been a material element in their judgment of the 'Angel World.' As a poem, purposing to stand alone, it is a total failure, full of faults, obscurities, apparent affectations, sillyisms even—as an eccentric part of an eccentric but wonderful poem, it might have passed, although it could not have been much praised. And why did Mr. Bailey add to the close of this 'Angel World' (an angel without wings!) the additional incumbrance of some of the weakest floating poetry in the language? Surely a corpse will sink fast enough without weights of lead being tied to his toes.

The third volume on our table is one of very considerable variety and promise. It may be called the 'Poetical Scrap-book of a young poetical Irishman,' whose praise as the author of this volume has of late been in all the periodicals. We have a liking for William Allingham, and shall give him a word of honest advice. He must *concentrate* his powers more. He must not listen to the wicked spirit whispering in his ear, that Tennyson has *not*, and that *he* is another Tennyson. He must *insulate* himself and his mind more. He is too susceptible of the influences of other poetical spirits, and although he never means to imitate, yet he often unconsciously and unhappily does. Above all, he must display less of a certain sceptical tendency, which lurks, like a diluted poison, in some of his finest poems. Why, if clever young men will or must doubt, should they be so eager to publish and circulate their crude dubieties? Why turn diseases into commodities? Why thus give a morbid access of galvanic life to poems which are sufficiently quick, and even powerful before? A house—a building with dust flying, windows gaping, roof staring helpless to heaven, is a pleasing spectacle compared to that of a creed a-making, which, nevertheless, so many of our young poets are anxious to reveal, and even imagine to be poetical.

William Allingham, withal, were worth saving to real literature; for he is a man of fine powers, genial nature, and kindly disposition. We might quote a third of his volume in proof, but writing, as we are, on one lovely autumn eve, we must quote his picture of another, not adequate to the reality, indeed, for



in this case it were a perfect mirror, representing perfect beauty, but to our mind very sweet and natural:—

‘Lately, when this good time was at the best,  
 One evening found me with half-wearied pace  
 Climbing a hill against the lighted west,  
 A cool air softly blowing on my face.  
 I reached the top: the calm and gorgeous sky  
 Bathed a broad harvest view in double gold;  
*Sheaf-tented fields of bloodless victory;*  
 Stack farms, embosomed in their leafy fold,  
 Pillared with light blue smoke; grass shaded hill,  
 And brown-ploughed land, their graver colours lent;  
 And some few heads of corn, ungathered still,  
 Like aged men, to earth, their cradle, bent.  
 And reapers, gleaners, and full carts of green,  
 With undisburbing motion and faint sound,  
*Fed the rich calm*, whose marge, a mountain chain,  
 Soaked in dream-colour, girt with Beulah bound.’

Surely this is far better than imitating Tennyson, or mating Emerson in some of his coxcomb impieties.

We find, next, two very elegant and extensive volumes from the pen of Charles Swain, of Manchester. These are, ‘The Mind,’ and ‘Dramatic Scenes.’ Mr. Swain has received, long since, that very valuable kind of praise, *laudari a laudato viro*. Southey proclaimed him a poet, and prophesied that Manchester would one day be proud of him. We have only, as yet, read his first volume, ‘the Mind, and other Poems,’ and have been highly pleased with the great occasional beauty, tenderness, and spirit of his verse. His ‘Mind,’ although in shape didactic, and in stanza Spenserian, is in reality a hymn to the mental power, as manifested in the works of genius, and the history of man. To call it *entirely* worthy of the theme, were to class it with the very highest of human productions. But we are free to confess that it is full of beautiful thoughts and passages, and displays a highly poetical, enthusiastic, and amiable spirit. In Mr. Swain’s hands, as in so many besides, the Spenserian stanza is occasionally unmanageable, like a stately, bounding, but restive steed. He has not always resisted the temptations this mode of versification so peculiarly presents to verbiage, involution, and effort. There is a very considerable amount of sounding commonplace sprinkled through the poem, and here and there an unhappy emulation of the style of ‘Childe Harold.’ But if any one doubt whether Mr. Swain be a poet, let him read the incident illustrating the fatal influences of dissipation on the mind; or the six stanzas, each commencing with ‘There’s beauty, &c.’

or the picture of a 'Dying Beauty;' or the 'Apostrophe to the Star of Bethlehem.' He is not so fortunate in the pure metaphysics of the subject, of which, however, there is not much. He has a good stanza on the sea, though the last idea is borrowed.

'Morn, noon, or eve, O sea! solemn or wild,  
I list the myriad echoes of thy tongue;  
Thy first low matin to the morning mild;  
Thy chorus to the sun-god, deep and strong;  
Thy lovely vesper to the starry throng;  
The poetry of waters! blending free;  
All harmonies of beauty, grace, and song!  
Awakening thoughts of melodies to be  
Beyond thy sounding shore, O *reverential* sea!"

In the 'Course of Time,' we find the epithet 'religious' applied daringly and beautifully to the ocean. This, Mr. Swain has apparently had in his eye.

The smaller poems are of various merit. Some of them, while good, are imitative; others original and truly beautiful. We quote the following, which is short, and full of a touching thought, as a tree is of the sigh of the west wind:—

'THE TREE OF THE VALLEY.

'The tree of the valley  
Waves gracefully round,  
Its green leaves in beauty  
Adorning the ground;  
But dark 'neath its verdure  
The broken bough grieves,  
And deep are its storm-wounds,  
Though hid by the leaves!  
'Tis thus with ourselves;  
To the world we appear  
All smiles, as unknowing  
A sigh or a tear.  
And little they think  
Whom the light laugh beguiles,  
That hearts which are breaking  
Hide sorrow 'neath smiles.'

Altogether, when we consider Mr. Swain's grace, tenderness, sympathy with the varied forms of the beautiful elegance of expression, and harmony of numbers, we do not wonder at the popularity of his poetry, which is attested by the number of editions through which it has passed, and feel justified in pronouncing him a *male* Mrs. Hemans.

Our next is a volume of the composite order of architecture:

it is the joint product of Messrs. E. A. Freeman and G. W. Cox. Such poetic firms are not so frequent as they were wont to be. No more are we called to admire the double flowers of a Coleridge and Wordsworth, a Lamb and Lloyd, a Rogers and a Byron. Indeed, we had almost fancied that Byron himself had stopped the practice, by the story he tells, whether real or self-fabricated, of an honest farmer, who, taking up 'Lara and Jacqueline,' cried, 'Aye, aye, a joint-stock concern, I perceive, summat like Sternholdt and Hopkins!' In spite of this facetious caveat, Messrs. Freeman and Cox have come boldly forward in Co.; and a very respectable literary firm it is. They commence with an able apologetic preface, conscious beforehand, it would seem, of the great objection to which their verses are liable—that of imitation. Now as their remarks, though able, seem to us somewhat one-sided, and not exhaustive, we propose, instead of quoting, to substitute a very few of our own upon a subject so often and so necessarily thrust on us by the circumstances of our present literature.

'Poetry is imitation,' said Aristotle; but not ten Aristotles could ever persuade us that imitation is poetry. Poetry, in its perfect and artistic form, consists, we imagine, of the following elements:—an idea, or thought; an impulse; a passion; an occasion; a form; a language; and a rhythm. Now the three first of those seven elements are underived, save from the mysterious power which men have called genius. The thought, idea, or scheme of things from which, perfect or imperfect, all poetry must aboriginally spring, is the gift of the poet's peculiar mind. The impulse urging him to this or that expression of his thought, in verse or in prose, in fiction or in act, is the result, generally, of his peculiar temperament. The passion, forming the heat to the light of his genius—the fire to the body of his sun—is from his own heart and history. But the other elements of a poet are often tinged with imitation. He will borrow the occasion of his song from any or everything: from a work of nature or of art; from a star of God or a sonnet of man; from a new moon or a new poem; from a cloud in the glowing west, or from a banner of special beauty in the Great Exhibition. The form, too, of his poem, whether it shall be a ballad or an epic, a lyric or a drama, will often depend upon the last poem or series of poems he has read and admired. On this, and on the fashion of his times, his language and his rhythm must in general even still more be dependent.

In judging, therefore, whether a poet be imitative or original, we must always take into account all those elements. If his idea, his impulse, and his passion be natural—*i.e.* if he have native insight, genial impulses, and a strong, warm heart,



he is a poet, even although the occasion of his writing, the form it assumes, the language in which it is clothed, and the tune to which it moves, be imitated from others.

To take some examples: Wordsworth was an original poet; his genius, temperament, heart, were his own; but the 'Lyrical Ballad' as a form for some of his poems, blank verse as a rhythm for others; strong, simple English as a language for all; and even the *Excursion* as a title for one of them (see Mallett's poem with the same name), had existed before. Coleridge was an original poet; so was Byron, and so was Shelley, and so was Campbell; yet all of these have, in occasion, language, form, and rhythm, imitated all round. On the other hand, many poor poets have been original enough in their rhythm and language, but have been at the same time entirely destitute of the *vis vivida*—the bright native spark, and the strong special impulse of genuine poetry.

One of the gentlemen before us says: 'How far it is possible to originate a style wholly one's own in our time, or desirable, is matter of question.' *We* do not think so meanly of the genius of our time. Tennyson and Bailey have both originated a style entirely their own, having borrowed or imitated almost literally none. Thomas Aird's style, both in prose and verse, is as original as Jean Paul's. So was poor Edgar Poe's. Who foreshadowed or who has followed up the 'Devil's Dream on Mount Achsbeck,' or 'the Raven'? Dr. Croly, in a certain oratorical energy, resembles Lord Byron, but in all essential, and in most subordinate elements, is strictly original. So is Professor Wilson, in his later and better poems. So, on the whole, is our noble friend Yendys, although here and there you find traces of an unconscious resemblance to others who are *in*, but not *on* or *over*, his eyes. Still, as Coleridge has it, there are '*fountains*' flowing in the poetical world, and communicating directly with that breath of the Almighty which alone giveth understanding; and we are not afraid that these shall ever cease to flow.

Messrs. Cox and Freeman have imitated Macaulay far too closely. They are the mirrors to a mirror. They have something of his gallop and mettle, but not the strength, the vividness, or the almost Homeric fire which inspire his 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' of the 'League,' and of the 'Roundheads.' How feeble their 'Battle of Hastings,' compared to his 'Battle of the Lake Regillus,' or to Bulwer's prose picture at the close of 'Harold!' What a poor pale reflex of the antique splendours of Thermopylæ's field 'where the three hundred consumed a whole day in dying,' is their 'Legend of Thermopylæ!' We prefer their 'Songs of the Moorish Wars,' as less ambitious, softer,

and more native in tone and in style, and, had we room, would have willingly quoted one or two of them. The scholarship, elegance, and taste of the whole book, are unquestionable, and do much credit to our adventurous young firm.

About a year ago we introduced to our readers, as an elegant drawing-room volume, the 'Clans of the Highlands,' by Thomas Smibert. The same gentleman has lately bound up his scattered verses in a volume. It is a little bundle of life. Mr. Smibert is a very sweet, sincere, and variously-gifted poet. His present volume consists of songs, sonnets, enigmas, fancies, odes, translations, and fragments of didactic poems, all mixed in rather a pleasing and beautiful confusion. His translations are chiefly from the French, and are distinguished alike by literal accuracy and poetic spirit. His didactic fragment, entitled, 'Love all, and all love,' is full of fine sentiment, and should have been completed. He has no less than four poems on the swallow, a little bird which wields a perfect fascination over him, and whose laureate he must, by acclamation, be crowned. Mr. Smibert alludes, in a note, to his being a copious writer of prose in the serials of Chambers, Hogg, &c., and, we suppose, intends, should his present volume be successful, to collect the best of these contributions. In this, we wish him God-speed; and shall, meanwhile, quote a little copy of verses as a specimen of his poetic style. It is entitled

'TRUTH.

'Truth dwells with night; unthinking men are they  
Who deem that only to the glaring sun  
Is bared the forehead of the stainless one,  
Una well-named in allegoric lay.  
By lamps, whose light is not as light of day,  
Truth shows herself most truly; hovers round  
The couch where Slumber lies or should be found,  
And cleaves to Murder in the darksome way;  
Sweet dreams she gives to bruised and blameless hearts;  
But with a hand incapable of ruth  
She tears aside the masks that brave the light,  
And curses Guilt with sight of its own arts.  
*The fall of evening is the dawn of truth;  
She is a star, and dwelleth with the night.'*

'Songs of Consolation, and other Poems,' by Katharine Barland, is the production of a female slip of Emersonianism, lately transplanted to that great hot-house, Hindostan. This lady, having been in trouble, has applied to Emerson as her ghostly father; and the present volume is composed of a somewhat watery dilution of the dogmatic scepticisms of the American sage. It is Emerson with a scented pocket-handkerchief in his

hands, and a tender touch of *rouge* upon his chalky cheek. Of course the Bible is underrated, and there are ravings innumerable about the grandeur and beauty of the soul. Nay, in one poem, she actually insinuates that, as well as the Gebirites, we should 'worship the sun.' Is it for this that she has repaired from our cold atheistic climate to the eternal bloom and heat of Hindoostan? We really should not now be surprised to find the worship of Apis and of onions revived. We thought Baal had never recovered from the great defeat of Carmel, and yet here we find him represented by a female devotee, not much less ridiculous in her homage than those who 'leapt' on his odious altar. 'Any god but Jehovah or Jesus' seems to be the cry of these miserable times, and of all their *pseudo*-inspired minds. It is long since Samuel Johnson wrote, in austere and righteous scorn, the line—

'And here a *female Atheist* talks you dead.'

But now, here, there, everywhere, you find female Atheists, Pantheists, sun-worshippers, from Miss Martineau to Miss Barland, insulting, in good prose or in middling verse, the religious feelings of the community, and attacking that faith, but for which they and their sex had been at present the polluted slaves of harems, or poor drudges toiling under the burdens of barbarian oppressors. Shame on those women who can despitefully use the book which tells of a Hannah and a Ruth, an Esther and a Mary, and insinuate vile charges against Him whom, while on earth, *no woman* was ever known to injure or calumniate! Happily, Miss Barland's power is *not* equal to her inclinations. She is, on the whole, a feeble and prosaic writer; perhaps, as a Mœnad mad; but certainly not as a Mœnad inspired; and a sure and swift oblivion awaits the dull blasphemies and sickly sentimentalisms of her 'Songs of Consolation.'

The last poem in our list is, in many points, a very remarkable one. In the first place, it is still in MS. 2ndly. It is of great and peculiar merit, as we shall soon prove, by extracts; indeed, we have read nothing in MS., and but little in print, equal to it since we had the honour of overlooking 'The Roman' in its embryo. 3rdly. Its author, Mr. A. Smith, is just twenty-one, and, from the age of ten, has been employed ten hours a-day in a commercial employment in Glasgow, and has only had the spare hours rescued from daily drudgery for cultivating his mind and muse. And yet, amid all these difficulties, he has contrived to give himself a tolerable education, to read poetry extensively and to write it beautifully. His aim is, at present, partly to get his poetry printed, but, principally, to work up his way to a situation more congenial to his mind, more worthy of his powers,



and allowing him more leisure for his favourite pursuits. And it is with the view of aiding him in these praiseworthy purposes, that we take the somewhat unusual step of characterising and quoting from a MS. volume. The leading poem he has sent us, is entitled a 'Life Fragment,' and is an attempt to 'set his own life to music.' It has no plot—'Life,' says Bailey, 'has none'—nor is its plan peculiarly artistic. Its power and beauty lie in the exquisite thoughts and images which are scattered, somewhat too profusely, over its pages. Ere beginning to quote, we have only to warn our readers against expecting thorough finish in the style. Mr. Smith's language is, in a great measure, derived from his readings of such peculiar poets as Keats, Bailey, and Tennyson, but his thought and imagery are always his own. He is yet, but need not remain an hour longer, in that imitative stage, as to *occasion, language*, and rhythm, in which many great poets have commenced their career.

The hero, a young poet, has, like another Milton, fallen asleep in a wood, when a lady, 'dark-eyed and tall, with a presence which might awe kings to her feet, and a voice soft as moonlight,' passes, pauses beside the spot where he is lying,

'Like young Apollo in his golden curls,'

finds, in a book of poesy beside him, a slip of paper, containing verses such as these:—

'The wild exulting worlds, the motes in rays,  
 The churlish thistles, scented briars,  
 The wind-swept blue-bells on the sunny braes,  
 Down to the central fires,  
 All, all exist in love. Love is a sea,  
 Filling all the abysses dim  
 Of lornest space, in whose deeps regally  
 Suns and their bright broods swim.  
 All things have something more than barren use;  
 There is a scent upon the briar,  
 A tremulous splendour on the autumn dews;  
 Cold morns are fringed with fire;  
 The clodded earth goes up in sweet breath'd flowers;  
 In music dies poor human speech,  
 And into beauty blow those hearts of ours  
 When love is born in each.  
 Life is transfigured in the soft and tender  
 Light of love, as a volume dim  
 Of rolling smoke becomes a wreathed splendour  
 In the westering sun.  
 Driven from cities by his restless moods,  
 In incense glooms and secret nooks,  
 A miser o'er his gold, the lover broods  
 O'er vague words, earnest looks.

His passions, like swollen torrents, seek repose  
 Down in the calm lake of rhyme ;  
 In after years, how he looks back on those  
 Rich sunsets in dull time.  
 Daisies are white upon the church-yard sod ;  
 Sweet tears the clouds lean down and give ;  
 The world is very lovely—Oh, my God,  
 I thank thee that I live.

The seeming evils are loves in disguise.  
 Dark moral knots that pose the seer,  
 If we are lovers, in our *wider* eyes,  
*Shall hang as dew-drops clear.*

The poet wakes, and a long conversation takes place between him and the lady descriptive of his poetical nature, training, and projected works, suggested, perhaps, by that wonderful one between Clara, the student, and Festus, but swarming with individual beauties.

Take this from a little melody he sings to her about a love-mad poet:—

‘ He passed away, a fierce song leapt  
 From cloud of his despair  
 As lightning, like a *wild bright beast*  
 Leaps from its thunder-lair.’

Or take this from another strain in the measure and spirit of ‘Locksley Hall:’—

‘ O those souls of ours, my brothers, prisoned now in mortal bars,  
 Have been riched by growth and travel, by the round of all the stars,  
 In the dark house of the body, cooking victuals, lighting fires,  
*Swelters on the starry stranger, to our nature’s base desires.*’

The second part depicts the progress of his passion, which is unsuccessful, and in fierce revulsion he flings himself back into the arms of poetry and nature. This part is still richer than the former. We quote a few passages. In the introduction, he says:—

‘ O Poesy, the glory of the lands,  
 Of thee no more my thirsty spirit drinks,  
 I seek the look of Fame! poor fool! so tries  
 Some lonely wanderer ’mong the desert sands  
*By shouts to gain the notice of the Sphynx,*  
*Staring right on with calm eternal eyes.*’

Listen to this picture of night, not inferior to Young’s:—

‘ Night mounts her chariot in the eastern glooms  
 To chase the flying sun, whose flight had left  
 Footprints of glory in the clouded west.

Swift was she haled by winged swimming steeds,  
 Whose cloudy manes were wet with heavy dews,  
 And dews were drizzling from her chariot-wheels.  
 Soft in her lap lay drowsy lidded sleep,  
*Brainful of dreams as summer hive with bees ;*  
 And round her, in the pale and spectral light,  
 Flocked bats and grizzly owls on noiseless wings.'

Or hear the resolve of his spirit :—

'I have a heart to dare,  
 And spirit-thews to work my daring out,  
 To cleave the world, as a swimmer cleaves the sea,  
 Breaking the tumbling billows into froth,  
 With tilting full-blown chest, and scattering,  
 With scornful breath, the kissing, flattering froth,  
 Which leaps and dallies with his dipping lip.  
 I will go forth 'mong men not mailed in scorn,  
 But in the armour of a pure intent,  
 And speak my thoughts, which sleep as idly now  
 As the warm lightning in its thunder sheath.'

He says again :—

'Two passions dwelt at once within my soul,  
 Like *eve and sunset dwelling in one sky*,  
 And as the sun-glows die along the west,  
 Eve higher lifts her *front of trembling stars*,  
 Till she is seated in the middle sky ;  
 So in my heart one passion slowly died,  
 And from its death the other drew fresh life,  
 Till now 'tis seated in my soul alone.  
 The dead is love, the living poetry.'

One line more, and we close these excerpts—

'Soul is a *moon* : love is its loveliest *phase*.'

We could make assurance doubly sure by quoting one entire poem, entitled, 'The Garden and the Child;' which *must* be published, although not here nor *now*. It reminds us of the style of Wordsworth's finer ballads, and has made us both weep and thrill. We must, however, have done. And now, repressing the many advices we had to give to Mr. Smith, as well as saying nothing more of the hopes his very beautiful beginnings have excited in our minds, we simply ask the public if they are to permit a youth of this calibre and promise to pine away amid mechanical drudgery, and, perhaps, go broken-hearted to an untimely grave? We ask, especially, our Glasgow friends, ever generous and warm-hearted, to look to it, that they neglect not one of the finest poets, perhaps, indeed, one *promising* to be the finest since Campbell, their good city has produced! Let



not the sermon long ago preached over the dried-up spirit, crushed heart, and daisy-covered sod of John Keats, need to be so speedily repeated. Mr. Smith seems a modest and a sensible, as well as a gifted youth, and, in an age like this, there is very little danger, indeed, that he will soon be spoiled.

There are some other poems on our table worthy of notice, such as the very pleasing volume, entitled the 'Three Sorrows of Loide,' by Calder Campbell, Edgar Bowring's spirited translations from Schiller, 'Tryphena,' &c. But our time is at present exhausted, and we can only bid all the little cluster we have had shining around us, from the hoary Neptune, Croly, to the sun-buried Mercury, Smith, a kindly and cordial farewell!

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ART. VI.—1. *Two Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen, on the State-Prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government.* By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. Eighth Edition. London: John Murray. 1851.

2. *The Neapolitan Government and Mr. Gladstone. A Letter to the Earl of Aberdeen; being a Reply to Two Letters recently addressed to his Lordship, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.* By Charles MacFarlane. London: George Routledge and Co. 1851.

It is difficult to overrate the influence of public opinion, when appealed to with earnestness and moderation in the cause of justice. There is no person too high or too low to be reached by it; and the rapidity and certainty with which it produces its effects may be said to supply a measure for ascertaining the progress of civilization. Even the greatest empires and communities, pervaded as aggregates by a general consciousness, which in the present circumstances of the world may be acted upon almost like the conscience of an individual, quail before it, so that the intellectual existence of our whole race may at length be said to be approaching unity, which, when complete, should be regarded as the perfection of civil society.

A remarkable illustration of this truth has just been supplied by Mr. Gladstone's *Two Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen*. For a considerable time past, the persuasion has existed in Italy, and, in some degree, even beyond the Alps, that in the silence and

secrecy so congenial to despotism, scenes were taking place at Naples of a nature to tax ordinary powers of belief. Through this current of reports and rumours, Mr. Gladstone travelled last winter towards the Neapolitan territory. Whoever is acquainted with his public character, will not imagine that he was peculiarly disposed to cherish prejudices against any established government, but with the coldness and caution of office he unites a strong sense of right, and though by no means belonging to the liberal party, is so far liberal in his views that he is disposed to look with satisfaction on any form of civil polity which promotes the improvement of our species.

Mr. Gladstone had not been long at Naples before he discovered that the condition of the country, moral and political, was infinitely worse than the idea formed of it by the rest of Christendom. Everything around him exhibited symptoms of being influenced by the principle of reaction; every man's thoughts were imprisoned within his own breast. There existed no political, no social intercourse. Every man dreaded his neighbour, and was in turn dreaded by him; for so vast and so diffused was the system of espionage, that, as formerly in Vienna, it penetrated into the very bed-chamber, and rendered it dangerous for a man to disclose his opinions even to the companion of his pillow. Nay, people's very looks and gestures were watched, and the soul's outpourings at the confessional were converted by priests in the pay of Government into a means of gratifying the ferocity and vindictiveness of power.

On the present occasion, our desire is rather to suffer facts to speak for themselves, than to give utterance to our own feelings and opinions. Our warm attachment to popular government is well known, for we have laboured, in season and out of season, through evil and through good report, to promote the cause of liberty in Christendom, and may, therefore, not unreasonably be presumed to experience a strong sympathy with the oppressed and persecuted at Naples. Mr. Gladstone's political principles are those of a conservative statesman; that is to say, rather favourable to reaction than to rapid progress. Yet, being humane and honest, he has boldly put forth his testimony, and we feel assured that, moderate and conservative as he is, he will not regret the use of what he has written which cannot fail to be made by the democratic party in Italy.

Correctly to appreciate the proceedings of the Government, we ought fully to comprehend the character of the Neapolitan people. Taken altogether, they are, perhaps, the most peaceable in Europe. Content with little, naturally disposed to ease and tranquillity, they have for ages endured the pressure of a Government which would long ago have proved intolerable to

almost any other nation. This submissiveness may partly, perhaps, be owing to the relaxing influence of their climate, which, by disposing men to indolent enjoyment, disinclines them to murmuring and disaffection. They will not be at the pains to resent small injuries ; and the habit of bearing these becomes so strong, that at last even great ones fail to rouse them. Patient, gentle, and without revenge, they literally submit to be trampled on by their rulers, and it is only when the oppression becomes unendurable that they exhibit any energy in the attempt to shake it off.

A traveller without passion or prejudice might be almost tempted to conclude that Ferdinand the Second and his ministers were engaged in making a philosophical experiment to ascertain how far the passive obedience of a people can be carried. They will probably soon reach the utmost limits of popular endurance, when it is to be hoped the Governments of Europe will remember Mr. Gladstone's statements, and abstain from interfering with the course of justice. To comprehend the whole nature of the case, his letters should be read and studied ; but even from a few passages the criminality of the Neapolitan reaction must be evident. Having thrown out a few prefatory remarks, he proceeds to say :—"After a residence of between three and four months at Naples, I have come home with a deep sense of the duty incumbent upon me to make some attempt towards mitigating the horrors—I can use no weaker word—amidst which the government of that country is carried on."—(P. 5.)

'The present persecution is awfully aggravated, as compared with former ones ; it differs too in this, that it seems to be specially directed against those men of moderate opinions, whom a government, well stocked even with worldly prudence, whom Macchiavelli, had he been minister, would have made it his study to conciliate and attach. These men, therefore, are being cleared away ; and the present efforts to drive poor human nature to extremes cannot wholly fail in stirring up the ferocious passions, which never, to my belief, since the times of the heathen tyrants, have had so much to arouse, or so much to palliate when aroused, their fury.'—P. 9.

Our readers will be fully disposed to agree with Mr. Gladstone, in thinking it time that 'the veil should be lifted from scenes fitter for hell than earth' (p. 36); scenes which have dissipated the reserve of a man known chiefly among us for his moderatism, for his hostility to the revolutionary principle, for his attachment to established governments, which, whether strong or weak, are throughout Christendom, as he justly observes, more or less affected by the political condition of the party to which he belongs. The evidence of such a witness may be accepted without



hesitation. It is given in defiance of party leanings, purely in the interest of humanity, and will assuredly be remembered to Mr. Gladstone's honour when all he has done for the furtherance of conservatism has been condemned to oblivion.

Ferdinand and his ministers are, meanwhile, not without defenders and sympathizers in this country. Several of our journals, ever since the sanguinary fifteenth of May, have been labouring in the reactionary interest, heaping calumny on the constitutional party, and representing King Bomba as a person of gentle inclinations and exemplary character, compelled to take refuge in coercive measures through the force of circumstances. Even now, after the revelations of Mr. Gladstone, they do not entirely despair of their cause. Contradiction, however, being out of the question, they have recourse to hints and insinuations:—whispering the possibility that the British statesman may have jumped too hastily to his conclusions; that the authorities on whom he relied, may not have been perfectly informed; that many of the individuals of whose innocence he is persuaded, may not lie altogether beyond suspicion; and that, consequently, though the proceedings of the Neapolitan Government may not be exactly what they ought to be, there is still a great deal to be urged in extenuation.

But the stubbornness of facts is proverbial; and though it be not at all unusual to see misrepresentation and imposture prevail for a while over truth, time in the end is sure to adjust the balance properly between them. In Mr. Gladstone's case, the public has displayed no reluctance to be convinced. Lord Palmerston, in his place in Parliament, observed, that the Foreign Office had forwarded copies of the Letters to Lord Aberdeen, to all our ministers abroad, with instructions to lay them before the Governments to which they were accredited; and the public out of doors has bestowed on the subject a degree of attention seldom extended to anything connected with foreign politics. This is highly creditable to us as a people; and we trust the press will not desist from urging the consideration of the question on the world till the Government of Naples shall be compelled to abandon the disgraceful persecution which it is now carrying on against all that is virtuous and noble in the land.

The general picture of Neapolitan atrocity is drawn by Mr. Gladstone with a vigorous hand, and in startling colours. He says:—

‘The difference between the faintest outline that a moment's handling of the pencil sketches, and the deepest colouring of the most elaborately-finished portrait, but feebly illustrates the relation of these vague suppositions to the actual truth of the Neapolitan case. It is not

mere imperfection, not corruption in low quarters, not occasional severity, that I am about to describe ; it is incessant, systematic, deliberate, violation of the law by the power appointed to watch over and maintain it. It is such violation of human and written law as this, carried on for the purpose of violating every other law, unwritten and eternal, human and divine ; it is the wholesale persecution of virtue when united with intelligence, operating upon such a scale that entire classes may with truth be said to be its object, so that the Government is in bitter and cruel, as well as utterly illegal, hostility to whatever in the nation really lives and moves, and forms the main-spring of practical progress and improvement ; it is the awful profanation of public religion, by its notorious alliance, in the governing powers, with the violation of every moral law under the stimulants of fear and vengeance ; it is the perfect prostitution of the judicial office, which has made it, under veils only too threadbare and transparent, the degraded recipient of the vilest and clumsiest forgeries, got up wilfully and deliberately, by the immediate advisers of the Crown, for the purpose of destroying the peace, the freedom, aye, and even if not by capital offences, the life, of men among the most virtuous, upright, intelligent, distinguished, and refined, of the whole community ; it is the savage and cowardly system of moral, as well as in a lower degree of physical torture, through which the sentences extracted from the debased courts of justice are carried into effect.'—P. 8.

That such a system should continue long in operation without thoroughly alienating the minds of the people, is obviously impossible. Accordingly, the inhabitants of Naples, though generally restrained by fear from the utterance of any opinion, were not able to conceal from their visitor the light in which they regarded it :—

' I have seen and heard (says Mr. Gladstone) the strong and too true expression used—" This is the negation of God erected into a system of government." '—P. 9.

To rouse and justify public sympathy in this country, it would be sufficient to prove that even one man was suffering, in any neighbouring state, a cruel and unjust persecution. If, for example, we knew that on the other side of the Channel, within sight of the English shores, a distinguished political prisoner, equally remarkable for his private virtues and his attachment to public liberty, now languished in a dungeon, denied the solace of conversing with his family and friends, chained to a thief, a housebreaker, or a murderer, and scarcely supplied with sufficient nourishment to sustain life, our indignation would know no bounds. What shall we say, then, when not one, or ten, or a hundred, but upwards of twenty thousand are thus suffering in Naples ? But even this is not all. In addition to this immense multitude confined in the various prisons of the kingdom, there is at least an equal number of political victims living in conceal-

ment, in the houses of their friends, in the solitude of the mountains, or in exile in distant countries. Nearly all these may be said to belong to the middle classes, not numerous in the kingdom of Naples; and when we add, that their property has, in many instances, been confiscated, we shall be able to form some faint idea of the poverty, distress, wretchedness, and crime occasioned by the attempt to keep Ferdinand II. on his throne. Forty thousand men, many of them fathers of families, in prison or in exile, with all those who depended on them, reduced to beggary or to vice!

To render credible so extraordinary a state of things, Mr. Gladstone alludes, in his first letter, to the system of instruction pursued under the direction of the Roman Catholic clergy in the kingdom of Naples, and in his second letter, prints some extracts from a philosophical catechism, which it is compulsory on all schoolmasters to make use of. We know that in Austria, from the beginning of the present century, the sources of knowledge have been systematically poisoned; that the testimony of history has been perverted for the inculcation of doctrines at variance with truth; that facts have been omitted and fictions substituted in their place; and that in this way the minds of youth have been debased and corrupted to further the designs of despotism. Naples being one of those political satellites which revolve about the Austrian empire, we experienced no surprise on meeting the following passage in Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet:—

‘But why should it seem strange that the Government of Naples should be at open war with those classes? In the schools of the country it is, I have heard, compulsory to employ the political catechism ascribed to the Canonico Apuzzi, of which I have a copy. In this catechism, civilization and barbarism are represented as two opposite extremes, both of them vicious; and it is distinctly taught, taught therefore by the Government of Naples, that happiness and virtue lie in a just *mean* between them.’—P. 10.

In his second letter, Mr. Gladstone speaks of this catechism as one of the most singular and detestable books he has ever seen; and whoever considers carefully the purport of the passage he quotes will probably be of the same opinion. The Canonico Apuzzi, supposing him to be the author, will acquire an unenviable celebrity, so that, though far superior in ability, he may come to be classed for sentiments and opinions with Mr. Charles MacFarlane. This ingenious ecclesiastic would seem to have been a student of Sir Robert Filmer, whose sophisms and fallacies have been so ably exposed and ridiculed by Locke.

‘And now I shall continue to translate. The whole matter will repay perusal, and it will be seen that the express and not mistakeable



features of the Neapolitan case are carefully described and fully met in the abominable doctrines here inculcated:—"S. If the people in the very act of electing a sovereign shall have imposed upon him certain conditions and certain reservations, will not these reservations and these conditions for the constitution aid the fundamental laws of the State? M. They will, provided the sovereign shall have granted and ratified them freely. Otherwise, they will not; because the people, which is made for submission and not for command, cannot impose a law upon the sovereignty, which derives its power not from it, but from God.—S. Suppose that a prince, in assuming the sovereignty of a state, has accepted and ratified the constitution, or fundamental law of that State, and that he has promised OR SWORN to observe it, is he bound to keep that promise, and to maintain that constitution and that law? M. He is bound to keep it, provided it does not overthrow the foundations of sovereignty; and *provided it is not opposed to the general interests of the State.*—S. Why do you consider that a prince is not bound to observe the constitution whenever this impugns the rights of sovereignty? M. We have already found that the sovereignty is the highest and supreme power, ordained and constituted by God in society for the good of society; and this power, conceded and made needful by God, must be preserved inviolate and entire; and cannot be restrained or abated by man, without coming into conflict with the ordinances of nature, and with the Divine will. Whenever, therefore, the people may have proposed a condition which impairs the sovereignty, and whenever the prince may have promised to observe it, that proposal is an absurdity, that promise is null; and the prince is not bound to maintain a constitution which is in opposition to the Divine command, but is bound to maintain entire and intact the supreme power established by God, and by God conferred on him.—S. And why do you consider that the prince is not bound to maintain the constitution, when he finds it to [be contrary to the interests of the State? M. . . . Suppose a physician to have promised, AND SWORN to his patient, that he would bleed him, should he become aware that such letting blood would be fatal, he is bound to abstain from doing it; because, paramount to all promises and oaths, there is the obligation of the physician to labour for the cure of his patient. In like manner should the sovereign find that the fundamental law is seriously hurtful to his people, he is bound to cancel it; because, in spite of all promises and all constitutions, the duty of the sovereign is the people's weal. In a word, an OATH never can become an obligation to commit evil; and, therefore, cannot bind a sovereign to do what is injurious to his subjects. Besides, the head of the Church has authority from God to release consciences from oaths, when he judges that there is suitable cause for it." And now comes the keystone of the arch, which makes the whole fabric consistent and complete, with all the consistency and the completeness that can belong to fraud, falsehood, injustice, and impiety.—"S. Whose business is it to decide when the constitution impairs the rights of sovereignty, with a view to its good order and felicity? M. It is the business of the sovereign; because in him resides the high and paramount power, established by God in the State with a view to its good order and

felicity.—*S.* May there not be some danger that the sovereign may violate the constitution without just cause, under the illusion of error or the impulse of passion? *M.* Errors and passions are the maladies of the human race; but the blessings of health ought not to be refused through the fear of sickness."—*P.* 50, *et seq.*

We have judged it prudent, in laying before our readers the doctrines and principles of the philosophical catechism, not to attempt giving them in our own language, because we might possibly have been suspected of colouring them by our interpretation. Mr. Gladstone felt himself to be in the same predicament, and, consequently, instead of embodying the ideas of the Canonico Apuzzi in his own phraseology, he has simply translated the writer's expressions. It will now be interesting to examine a little into the fruits of the system, in order that we may learn what effects are sure to be produced by the consistent and persevering corruption of the public mind.

Shortly after Mr. Gladstone's arrival at Naples, he heard, in society, a man of eminent station accused, with much bitterness, of having maintained that nearly the whole parliamentary opposition were in prison or in exile. He, naturally enough, supposed that there must be much exaggeration in such a statement. But not being content with supposition, he betook himself to inquiry, which brought him acquainted with facts and circumstances infinitely more startling and portentous than any Neapolitan politician, however liberal, would have ventured to allude to. The Chamber of Deputies at Naples consisted of a hundred and sixty-four members, elected by the suffrages of one hundred and seventeen thousand voters. But of the members thus chosen, only one hundred and forty ever reached Naples. They reached it, however, in a majority of cases, to their serious detriment, for in November last, seventy-six of them, or an absolute majority, were in exile or in prison, besides several individuals who had filled high offices under the Government.

According to the law of Naples, even before the establishment of the constitution, personal liberty is inviolable, except under a warrant from a proper court of justice. But how is this law observed by Ferdinand II. and his ministers? We give the answer in Mr. Gladstone's words:—

'In utter defiance of this law, the Government, of which the Prefect of Police is an important member, through the agents of that department, watches and dogs the people, pays domiciliary visits, very commonly at night, ransacks houses, seizing papers and effects, and tearing up floors at pleasure under pretence of searching for arms, and imprisons men by the score, by the hundred, by the thousand, without any warrant whatever, sometimes without even any written authority at all, or anything beyond the word of a policeman; constantly without any statement whatever of the nature of the offence.'—*P.* 12.

Persons thus arrested and confined are not at the outset charged with having committed any offence. They are simply suspected of being inimical to the king's government, so that it is considered possible they may be led to conspire against it. By way of precaution, therefore, they are deprived of their freedom, and often at the same time of their property, because confiscation or sequestration in many cases accompanies arrest. The second step in the process is to discover or manufacture proofs of guilt. To assist in accomplishing this, a man's books and papers are seized and carefully examined, in order that from the tenor of his studies or his writings his political bias may be conjectured. Should the scrutiny of things actually existing prove fruitless, the Neapolitan police are still not without resources, for they fabricate letters and documents, and attribute them to the unfortunate individuals whom it is the wish of the Government to destroy. Upon the strength of papers so forged, numbers of persons are now confined in dungeons, laden with heavy irons, and subjected to every insult and cruelty which the malice of priests and courtiers can invent. When the prisoner's own correspondence is thought susceptible of being turned to account, it is subjected to the most rigid examination, and he himself is examined upon it. But in what spirit? Not with the design of discovering the truth, of punishing him should he prove guilty, of acquitting him if innocent, but with a fixed determination to wreak upon him the vengeance of his enemies. The whole affair is conducted in secret; he is allowed to hold no communication with his legal adviser, or to make use of any assistance whatever; and, as Mr. Gladstone adds—

‘He is not examined only, but, as I *know*, insulted at will and in the grossest manner, under pretence of examination, by the officers of the police. And do not suppose this the fault of individuals. It is essential to the system, of which the essential aim is to *create* a charge. What more likely than that smarting under insult, and knowing with what encouragement and for whose benefit it is offered, the prisoner should for a moment lose his temper and utter some expression disparaging to the sacred majesty of the Government? If he does, it goes down in the minutes before him; if he does not, but keeps his self-command, no harm is done to the great end in view.’—P. 12, *et seq.*

Our readers, accustomed to the operation of the Act of Habeas Corpus, will naturally conclude, that however atrocious these proceedings may be, they cannot keep the unfortunate victims long in suspense. But the Neapolitan Government is not content with simple oppression. It luxuriates in the infraction of the law. The men now in the ascendant came possibly into contact in 1848 with their present victims, and may have been worsted by them in argument, or have been offended by their frank ex-



pression of opinion. The opportunity of revenge offering itself, therefore, they deem it far too precious to be wantonly thrown away; and so make the most of it, and push to the utmost the enjoyment of that satisfaction which base and cruel wretches feel in triumphing over the ingenuous and the noble. Apprehension being entertained that through some luckless accident the accused, if brought to trial, might possibly escape, care is taken that they shall be punished sufficiently beforehand, so as to provide against the contingency. Accordingly, prisoners are confined for periods varying from two or three months to two or three years, though generally, as Mr. Gladstone observes, for the longer periods. No prescience is exercised. Without any regard to the future, these Epicurean tyrants resolve to make the most of the passing hour, never reflecting that should a great political change take place, they have supplied forty thousand men, besides the whole body of their families and connexions, with the most unequivocal grounds for retaliation. Cruelty, however, like love, is blind, especially when united with royal authority, or found in the worthless instruments by which it usually wreaks its vengeance.

No expressions of disgust or detestation we could employ, however, could produce an equal effect with the statements of an impartial eye-witness; and Mr. Gladstone, we repeat, is impartial, all his prejudices being rather in favour of established governments than otherwise. When his pamphlet reached Naples, the Government, in the first paroxysm of fury, determined to publish an answer to it. But reflection suggested a more prudent course. It was felt that his facts could not be denied, and that without the power of such denial the liberal employment of assertion and abuse would be of no avail. Accordingly, it may now be assumed that the Neapolitan Government entirely acquiesces in the correctness of Mr. Gladstone's letters, for the ridiculous attempt at refutation made by poor Mr. MacFarlane is undeserving of the slightest notice. Two or three other efforts have, indeed, been made by anonymous correspondents, to throw doubt on the existence of the horrors disclosed by Mr. Gladstone, but without the least result; for, after various bravadoes and flourishes, the authors, in utter hopelessness, have abandoned the undertaking, and left Mr. Gladstone's charge in all its original hideousness. Confident, therefore, that we are treading on firm ground, we proceed with the accusation against Bomba and his associates.

'I do not scruple to assert, in continuation, that when every effort has been used to concoct a charge, if possible, out of the perversion and partial production of real evidence, this often fails; and then the resort is to perjury and to forgery. The miserable creatures to be

found in most communities, but especially in those where the Government is the great agent of corruption upon the people, the wretches who are ready to sell the liberty and life of fellow-subjects for gold, and to throw their own souls into the bargain, are deliberately employed by the executive power, to depose according to their inventions against the man whom it is thought to ruin. Although, however, practice should by this time have made perfect, these depositions are generally made in the coarsest and clumsiest manner; and they bear upon them the evidences of falsehood in absurdities and self-contradictions, accumulated even to nausea.'—P. 12, *et seq.*

'But what then? Mark the calculation. If there is plenty of it, some of it, according to the vulgar phrase, will stick. Do not think I am speaking loosely. I declare my belief that the whole proceeding is linked together from first to last; a depraved logic runs through it. Inventors must shoot at random, therefore they take many strings to their bow. It would be strange, indeed, and contrary to the doctrine of chances, if the whole forged fabric were dissolved and overthrown by self-contradiction. Now, let us consider practically what takes place. Suppose nine-tenths too absurd to stand even before the Neapolitan Court; of this portion, some is withdrawn by the police and not carried into the trial at all, after they have been made aware, through the prisoner's or his counsel's assistance, of its absurdity; the rest is overlooked by the judges. In any other country, it would of course lead to inquiry, and to a prosecution for perjury. Not so there; it is rather regarded as so much of well-meant and patriotic effort, which, through untoward circumstances, has failed. It is simply neutralized, and stands at *zero*. But there remains the *one-tenth* not self-contradicted. Well, but surely, you will say, the prisoner will be able to rebut that, if false, by counter-evidence. Alas! he may have counter-evidence mountains high, but *he is not allowed to bring it*. I know this is hardly credible, but it is true. The very men tried while I was at Naples, named and appealed to the counter-evidence of scores and hundreds of men, of all classes and professions—military, clergy, Government functionaries, and the rest; but, in every instance, with, I believe, one single exception, the Court, the Grand Criminal Court of Justice, refused to hear it.'—P. 13, *et seq.*

The fact ought not to be overlooked, that when the forged testimony has been obtained, the act of imprisonment is legalized. But leaving out of view for the present the question whether the *detenuti* are lawfully confined or not, let us look at the places in which they are kept, and the manner in which they are treated. Considering the baseness and the barbarism of the Court and Government of Naples, it would be unreasonable to expect that its prisons should exhibit any tokens of the presence of civilization. They are, in fact, worthy to form part of a system in which King Bomba, his ministers, judges, and police, make so prominent a figure. The Canterbury sophist, MacFarlane, attempted, with the aid of Mr. Bailie Cochrane, to throw dust on this point

in the eyes of the public, but without the least success—the evidence of his only witness going directly in the teeth of his assertions. Here again, therefore, we are compelled to accept, without reserve, the testimony of Mr. Gladstone, which shows the need, in that part of Italy, of another man like Howard, who, backed by the force of an unimpeachable character, possessing fortune, station, the countenance of his Government, and the profound esteem of all Christendom, might penetrate into the recesses of every hideous prison, and disclose the harrowing secrets of its interior to the civilized world.

From time immemorial, the Neapolitan kingdom has been infamous for the places in which it confines political offenders, or, more properly speaking, the persons whom it dreads or hates. When the secret society of Carbonari was persecuted and broken up, all such of its members as could be seized were plunged into the most loathsome dungeons, some of which are situated in the Lipari Islands, considerably below the level of the sea, dripping on all sides with moisture, pervaded by the most noxious effluvia, and filled with abominations so horrible that language refuses to describe them. Here thousands of individuals, in many cases, it is supposed, perfectly innocent even of entertaining a liberal opinion, wasted away their lives, and perished in complete oblivion. No friend or relative was ever able, by the most diligent inquiry, to ascertain their fate, or discover where their bones were laid. Possibly their end may have sometimes been hastened by the aid of that Italian physic, of which Fra Paolo so often speaks, and in some cases recommends. At any rate, we must entirely lose sight of these transactions when we venture to sit in judgment on the dark ages, and to boast of the refinement and civilization of our times.

Mr. Gladstone, who either did not think proper to visit, or was not admitted into, the worst prisons of Naples, speaks of their noisomeness and filth as still proverbial. Of this our readers may themselves judge when they are informed that prisoners, 'with death in their faces,' are compelled to toil up long flights of stairs to consult the gaol-doctors, those gentlemen not being able to breathe the atmosphere prevailing in their dungeons. This happens in the Vicaria, an edifice which wears an exceedingly agreeable aspect, at least externally, according to Mr. MacFarlane's view of things. To be sure, he may be suspected of being somewhat prejudiced by the impression he falsely labours under, that the building was erected by the Spanish viceroys. But, whoever were its founders, he says:—

'It is pleasantly situated, near the Capuan Gate; the air is good and free; and I scarcely know a prison in Europe that has more of the out-



ward and visible signs of salubrity and comfort. Within, no doubt, there is still room for improvement.'—P. 13, *et seq.*

But what says the other itinerant apologist, Mr. Bailie Cochran? Against his evidence Mr. MacFarlane will certainly not be able to plead, since it is he himself who assures us that this gentleman 'had the most ample means of ascertaining the truth, and the whole truth;' and that 'his testimony is not to be assailed by doubt or suspicion.' (P. 7.)

Well, what is the character of the Vicaria according to his testimony? Why this: 'It is situated in the worst part of Naples, near the filthy, debauched quarter called the Porta Capuana. When we arrived there, a sleety rain was falling, and the outside, with its massive walls, treble bars, and dirty aspect, conveyed most painful sensations of misery and wretchedness.' (See Bailie Cochran's 'Young Italy,' p. 268.)

Having thus cleared the way, we come to Mr. Gladstone's account. He says:—

'As to diet, I must speak a word for the bread that I have seen. Though black and coarse to the last degree, it was sound. The soup, which forms the only other element of subsistence, is so nauseous, as I was assured, that nothing but the extreme of hunger could overcome the repugnance of nature to it. I had not the means of tasting it. The filth of the prisons is beastly. The officers, except at night, hardly ever enter them. I was ridiculed for reading with some care pretended regulations posted up on the wall of an outer room. One of them was for the visits of the doctors to the sick. I saw the doctors with that regulation over them, and men with one foot in the grave visiting them, not visited by them. I have walked among a crowd of between three and four hundred Neapolitan prisoners—murderers, thieves, all kinds of ordinary criminals, some condemned and some uncondemned, and the politically accused, indiscriminately: not a chain upon a man of them, not an officer nearer than at the end of many apartments, within many locked doors and gratings between us; but not only was there nothing to dread, there was even a good deal of politeness to me as a stranger. They are a self-governed community, the main authority being that of *gamorristi*, the men of most celebrity among them for audacious crime. Employment they have none. This swarm of human beings all slept in a long, low, vaulted room, having no light, except from a single and very moderate-sized grating at one end. The political prisoners, by payment, had the privilege of a separate chamber off the former, but there was no division between them.'—P. 15, *et seq.*

The readers of the above passage, considering what efforts have been made to improve the condition of prison-life in this country, will experience much surprise, and probably some indignation. But we are as yet only on the threshold of Neapolitan atrocities. Against political offenders, the vindic-

tiveness of Bomba knows no bounds. To have been attached to the constitution, is in his eyes a crime which no length of time or extremity of suffering can expiate.

‘From the 7th of December last to the 3rd of February,’ says Mr. Gladstone, ‘Piroute, who was formerly a judge, and is still a gentleman, and who was found guilty on or about the last-named day, spent his whole days and nights, except when on his trial, with two other men, in a cell at the *Vicaria*, about eight feet square, below the level of the ground, with no light except a grating at the top of the wall, out of which they could not see. Within the space of these eight feet, with the single exception I have named, Piroute and his companions were confined during these two months; neither for mass were they allowed to quit it, nor for any other purpose whatsoever!’—P. 16.

If such things take place in the capital, where the presence of strangers acts as some check on the Government, what must be the cruelty perpetrated in the obscure prisons in the provinces, or on those lonely islands scattered along the coast? The Neapolitan apologist, instead of denying Mr. Gladstone's facts in connexion with this part of the subject, only insinuates that his interference will do the accused no good, since, in his opinion, the king and his ministers, not being able to wreak their vengeance on the English traveller, will turn with characteristic humanity to the unfortunate prisoners in their power, and endeavour, by increased barbarity, to make them feel the depth of their guilt in having excited the sympathy of a British statesman. We might easily go on multiplying examples. For instance, there is the Baron Porcari, accused of having taken part in the revolt of Calabria, but not tried, who, while waiting the decision of the judges, was plunged into the dungeon of Maschio, in the island of Ischia, twenty-four feet (or palms) below the level of the sea. This place he was never suffered to quit for any purpose, and no one was permitted to visit him, except his wife once a fortnight.

We now come to the case of Carlo Poerio, with whom Mr. Gladstone strongly sympathizes, because, in the first place, he is a gentleman and a scholar; and secondly, because in politics he has been all along remarkable for his attachment to constitutional principles. At the beginning of his imprisonment, therefore, he was not a Republican; but it would be rather too much, perhaps, to expect that, after the experience that has been forced upon him, he should still persist in clinging to his old political creed. When the revolution, which Mr. Gladstone prognosticates and desires, occurs in Naples, Poerio will probably be found to have made considerable progress in Liberalism. His case, however, hard as it may seem, is not equal in severity to that of Settem-

brini, who, with forty others, was involved in the same infamous prosecution. Confined in double irons, on a remote and sea-girt rock, it is reported at Naples, and believed by Mr. Gladstone, that he is there subjected to actual torture, by having sharp instruments thrust under his finger-nails.

Omitting all other cases, we shall confine ourselves to that of Poerio, which may, in some sort, be regarded as the pattern after which the Neapolitan Government works. He had been one of the king's ministers, was favourable to the Sicilian union, supported the war of independence, and appeared to be so much in favour with Bomba that he was consulted by this personage even after he had retired from office. But, as might have been anticipated, this was only for the purpose of ensnaring him to his ruin. The night before his arrest, he received an anonymous letter conceived in these words :—

‘Fly ; and fly with speed ! You are betrayed ! The Government is already in possession of your correspondence with the Marquis Dragonetti.—From one who loves you much.’—P. 19.

As it was not, of course, intended he should escape, the attempt to fly, in which he would have been inevitably detected, would have been adduced as undeniable proof of his guilt. Knowing there was in existence no such correspondence as that alluded to, and fully confiding in his innocence, Poerio did not stir. However—

‘On the nineteenth, about four in the afternoon, two persons, presenting themselves at the door under a false title, obtained entry, and announced to him that he was arrested in virtue of a verbal order of Peccheneda, the Prefect of Police. He protested in vain : the house was ransacked ; he was carried into solitary confinement. He demanded to be examined, and to know the cause of his arrest, within twenty-four hours, according to law ; but in vain. So early, however, as on the sixth day, he was brought before the Commissary Maddaloni ; and a letter, with the seal unbroken, was put into his hands. It was addressed to him, and he was told that it had come under cover to a friend of the Marquis Dragonetti, but that the cover had been opened in mistake by an officer of police, who happened to have the same name, though a different surname, and who, on perceiving what was within, handed both to the authorities. Poerio was desired to open it, and did open it, in the presence of the Commissary. Thus far, nothing could be more elaborate and careful than the arrangement of the proceeding. But mark the sequel. The matter of the letter, of course, was highly treasonable ; it announced an invasion by Garibaldi, fixed a conference with Mazzini, and referred to a correspondence with Lord Palmerston, whose name was miserably mangled, who promised to aid a proximate revolution. “I perceived at once,” says Poerio, “that the handwriting of Dragonetti was vilely imitated ; and I said so, remarking that the



internal evidence of their forgery was higher than any amount of material proof whatever." Dragonetti was one of the most accomplished of Italians; whereas this letter was full of blunders, both of grammar and of spelling. It is scarcely worth while noticing other absurdities—such as the signature of name, surname, and title in full; and the transmission of such a letter by the ordinary post of Naples. Poerio had among his papers certain genuine letters of Dragonetti's; they were produced and compared with this, and the forgery stood confessed! Upon the detection of this monstrous iniquity, what steps were taken by the Government to avenge, not Poerio, but public justice? None whatever: the papers were simply laid aside.—P. 19, *et seq.*

But, upon this failure, was the prosecution abandoned? Far from it. Other forgeries were had recourse to, the determination having been formed at all events to find Poerio guilty. An individual named Jervolino, who had once asked the former minister a favour and been refused, was selected to facilitate the vengeance of Bomba. He is one of those persons of easy conscience, who, finding existence agreeable, are resolved to prolong it, at all hazards to others in this world, and to themselves in the next. Provided they find themselves comfortable here, on this bank and shoal of time, they are ready, like a more celebrated villain, to jump the life to come. This Jervolino accused Poerio of belonging to a Republican secret society called the 'Unità Italiana,' which may be regarded as a sort of mythical association existing only in the imagination of the Neapolitan Government and its agents. Upon information furnished by this ruffian, Poerio

'Went from one prison to another. He was confined, as he alleges, in places fit for filthy brutes rather than men; he was cut off from the sight of friends; even his mother, his sole remaining near relation, was not permitted to see him for two months together. Thus he passed some seven or eight months in total ignorance of any evidence against him, or of those who gave it. During that interval, Signor Antonio de' Duchi di Santo Vito came to him, and told him, the Government knew all; but if he would confess, his life would be spared. He demanded of his judges, on his trial, that Santo Vito should be examined as to this statement: of course, it was not done. But more than this. Signor Peccheneda himself, the Director of the Police, and holding the station of a cabinet minister of the king, went repeatedly to the prison, summoned divers prisoners, and, with flagrant illegality, examined them himself, without witnesses and without record. One of these was Carafa. By one deposition of this Carafa, who was a man of noble family, it was declared that Peccheneda himself assured him his matter should be very easily arranged, if he would only testify to Poerio's acquaintance with certain revolutionary handbills. It could not be: and the cabinet minister took leave of Carafa with the words—"Very well, sir; you wish to destroy yourself; I leave you to your fate."—P. 20, *et seq.*

This Peccheneda has long enjoyed at Naples a reputation for similar achievements, and is suspected also of being acquainted with Mr. MacFarlane. Indeed, it may very fairly be presumed it was this minister who furnished our hyperborean sophist with the police reports of which he has made so clumsy an use in his pamphlet. Others also were found to accuse Poerio, and one of these one Romeo, a printer, whose evidence, moreover, flatly contradicted that of Jervolino. But this did not signify, the object of Bomba and his ministers being to ensure a hostile verdict at any rate: 'all proceedings went on the principle that the duty of Government was to prove guilt, by means true or false, and that public justice has no interest in the acquittal of the innocent.' (P. 21, *et seq.*) Other witnesses, suborned or not, were brought forward against Poerio; but as they all broke down in the attempt to criminate him, Government was at length compelled to place its sole reliance on the redoubtable Jervolino, upon whose testimony one of the most distinguished men in Naples, a few months previously one of the ministers of the crown, was brought to trial for his life. Jervolino deposed—

'That, having failed to obtain an office through Poerio, he asked him to enrol him in the sect of *Unità Italiana*. That Poerio put him in charge of a person named Attanasio, who was to take him to another of the prisoners, named Nisco, that he might be admitted. That Nisco sent him to a third person, named Ambrosio, who initiated him. He could not recollect any of the forms, nor the oath of the sect! Of the certificate or diploma, or of the meetings, which the rules of the sect when published (as the Government professed to have found them) proved to be indispensable for all its members, he knew nothing whatever! "How did he know," said Poerio, "that I was of the sect when he asked me to admit him?" No answer. "Why could not Nisco, who is represented in the accusation as a leader, admit him?" No answer. "If I, being a minister of the crown at the time, was also a member of the sect, could it be necessary for me to have him thus referred to one person, and another, and a third, for admission?" No answer. "Why has not Ambrosio, who admitted him, been molested by the Government?" No answer. "Could I be a sectarian when, as a minister, I was decried and reviled by the exalted party in all their journals for holding fast by the constitutional monarchy?" No answer. Nay, such was the impudent stupidity of the informer, that, in detailing the confidences which Poerio, as he said, had made to him, he fixed the last of them in May 29th, 1849; upon which Poerio showed that on May 22nd, or seven days before, he was in possession of a written report and accusation, made by Jervolino, as the appointed spy upon him, to the police: and yet, with this in his hand, he still continued to make him a political confidant.'—P. 22, *et seq.*

As we have remarked, Jervolino was one of those adventurers

who, finding themselves by accident in this world, resolve at all hazards to make the most of it. Having for a long while led the life of a beggar, he now found himself, by the help of a little perjury, elevated to the condition of a gentleman, on good terms with Mr. MacFarlane's friend Peccheneda, and not many removes from the familiarity of Bomba himself.

The history of these atrocities becomes at this point so complicated, that it is difficult to follow the thread of it. Almost every sentence discloses some new form of infamy. The chief judge appointed to try the prisoner was one whom they were accused of an attempt to murder; and this man Navarro, another of Mr. MacFarlane's friends, after exhibiting a slight fit of coquetry, planted himself boldly on the judgment-seat, confessing it to be the ruling principle of his conduct that all persons prosecuted by the king's Government ought to be found guilty. Mr. Gladstone says he had been told that Poerio would have been acquitted by a division of four to four, such being the humane provision of the law in case of equality, had not Navarro, by the distinct use of intimidation—that is, of threats of dismissal, to a judge whose name has been mentioned—procured a number necessary for a sentence.

As these facts must, sooner or later, become known to the people of Naples, it is only fair to presume that when they next take up arms, their leaders will not fail to recapitulate to them daily the events and circumstances of the last few years: how Ferdinand II., whom they familiarly denominate Bomba, from the bomb-like shape of his face, affected cheerfully to adopt the constitution, in the beginning of 1848; how, with more than regal facility, he swore to observe it; how he invited several distinguished men to form part of a constitutional administration; how, in spite of his affected enthusiasm, he lost sight of his oath, and became a perjured despot; how, in conjunction with the Pope, he betrayed the cause of the independence of Italy; how he goaded the inhabitants of Naples into insurrection; how he seized upon the men whom he had betrayed into a profession of liberalism, and plunged them chained and half-famished into dungeons; how, by terror and cruelty, he forced vast multitudes of his subjects to expatriate themselves, that he might basely sequester their property; and how, by these means, he excited the universal disgust of Christendom, until his very name became synonymous with meanness and treachery.

In conclusion, we recommend all persons to read attentively the two letters addressed by Mr. Gladstone to Lord Aberdeen. Bomba's poor friend Mr. MacFarlane will not have succeeded in diminishing by one iota the disgust inspired by Mr. Gladstone's statements. The British public entertains no respect for plead-



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ings based on information furnished by the Neapolitan police. Peccheneda's authority is small in Great Britain, as well as that of the high-minded judge Navarro. Neither is Bomba himself regarded with a friendly eye, so that the revelations we have been now examining will, we feel assured, be thought fully to justify an insurrectionary movement in Naples in the interest of humanity, justice, and freedom.

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ART. VII.—1. *Five Speeches on Ecclesiastical Affairs, delivered by Edward Horsman, Esq., M.P., in the House of Commons, in the Sessions of 1847 and 1848.* London: Seeleys.

2. *The Debate in the House of Commons on Church Extension, July 1st, 1851.—‘Daily News,’ July 2nd.*

3. *Why should the Bishops continue to Sit in the House of Lords?* By George Anthony Denison, M.A., Vicar of East Brent. Second edition. London: Masters. 1851.

THERE is an ancient legend, that on the day on which the Emperor Constantine committed the most fatal of all imperial mistakes, by endowing the simple institutions of the Christian religion with the wealth and patronage and delegated power of the State, a preternatural ‘warning voice’ was heard in the air, exclaiming, ‘This day a poison is infused into the Church.’ Ecclesiastical history, from that hour to the present, has only been one lengthened confirmation of the truth which is said to have been thus enunciated. We are not quite sure that a belief in the old story itself would argue a superstitious credulity. The maxim of the heathen Horace—

‘Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus  
Inciderit’—

seems to affirm the principle which has actually been observed by the Divine Being in all his sensible manifestations to mankind; and it certainly admits of a query, whether the establishment of that alliance, which in all succeeding ages has proved the source of woes, nameless, numberless, and unexampled, was not a crisis worthy of such an interposition.

However that may be, the effect of the act is patent and indisputable. It was to transmute Christianity from an individual to



a corporate concern—to erect a nominal Christendom on the ruins of personal religion; and while ostensibly exalting the temporal condition of the Church, to pollute it with secularity and corruption, to fit it to be the tool of tyrannical governments, and to alienate from it the rational homage of mankind.

The necessary tendency of this unspiritual organization is, to exhaust religion of its vitality, inducing formalism and superstition in its stead; and to substitute for Christian faith and worship, a noisy and obtrusive imposture, savouring little of 'the kingdom which cometh not with observation.' It is true, that both in the Anglican and Romish Churches there have been found individual exceptions to this law; but these retain the excellences for which their names are memorable, not by aid of the system with which they were identified, but in defiance of its cramping and torpefying influence, and by virtue of rare and glorious gifts, which could

————— 'Disdain  
The limits of their little reign,  
And unknown regions dare descry.'

The necessary and pervading tendency of the system is what we have described. It was manifest throughout the dreary ages that separated the times of Constantine from the revival of letters; it supplies the key to ecclesiastical history since the rise of the Protestant Reformation; and never was more conspicuous at any former period than it is at the present hour.

If the Church of England were the only exponent of Christianity in this country, we can readily believe that the recent exhibitions of clerical rapacity would have produced amidst our population that scepticism which overspread France when, nearly a century ago, a few lawless intellects threw their dry light upon the superstitious impostures of their day. We refer, first, to the acts of the Ecclesiastical Commission; and secondly, to the disclosures respecting episcopal incomes and capitular property and management which have been incidentally made through the investigations of that Commission. It is the purpose of this article to exhibit the main facts which have been thus substantiated, together with some of equal interest which have recently been elicited from other sources; dealing, at present, only with the conduct of the Commission and the intrigues of the bishops, and reserving for another opportunity a similar investigation with reference to deans and chapters.

A volume which should develop fully and statistically the history of the Ecclesiastical Commission, would be unsurpassed alike in its piquancy of personal interest, and in its relevancy to the requirements of the present age. This body was appointed in

1836, to receive what had been determined upon as superfluous revenues, accruing beyond all reasonable proportion, to certain episcopal sees and obsolete sinecures, and for the allocation of these funds to augment the revenues of poorer sees and benefices, from the benefit of which arrangement the curates—that is, the working clergy of the Established Church—were altogether excluded. The last-mentioned preliminary arrangement gives an insight into the spirit of the entire scheme, and may prepare the reader for a few of the facts which we shall select from the numerous parliamentary, and other authentic publications, which lie before us. A careful digest of only one part of the evidence adduced has been made, from which we take the following statement of facts. In referring to the Ecclesiastical Commission, Mr. Horsman stated, in 1847:—

‘ That up to that time they had received 351,000*l*. When the Commission was established, there were in England and Wales. 3,508 livings, with incomes under 150*l*. ; and 4,606, without fit residences for the clergy. The Commissioners had augmented just 636 livings, at an expense of 126,684*l*. (averaging 54*l*. to each), and defrayed *half* the cost of erecting 69 parsonages, amounting to 40,637*l*. ; while in providing, erecting, altering, and embellishing the palaces of eight bishops, they had expended 143,014*l*., being 16,330*l*. more than had been applied to the augmentation of poor livings, and 82,081*l*. more than had been shared among the 3,508 poor beneficed clergy ! If a poor parson builds a house for himself, he must borrow on the mortgage of his living, and pay the interest out of its proceeds. So once was it with the bishops ; but *they*, being members of this same Church-Reforming Commission, have scorned to resort to so vulgar an expedient, and have had recourse to the surplus episcopal revenues instead. The following are the sums which have been lavished on the estates and palaces of the bishops :—

|                       | £      |                           | £     |
|-----------------------|--------|---------------------------|-------|
| Bishop of Lincoln . . | 52,708 | Bishop of Worcester . . . | 7,000 |
| „ Rochester . .       | 25,527 | „ Oxford . . . .          | 6,469 |
| „ Gloucester . .      | 22,897 | „ Exeter . . . . .        | 3,500 |
| „ Ripon . . . .       | 13,689 | „ Bath and Wells          | 4,000 |

In the first two of the above dioceses alone there were at the time 315, and in the eight dioceses 502 benefices worth less than 100*l*. a-year, and no less than 85 clergymen whose incomes were under 50*l*. a-year, or less than three shillings a-day, eight of the number receiving as little as thirteen-pence, and one actually but *sixpence-halfpenny* a-day !

In confirmation of these statements, we may remark, that we were ourselves intimately cognizant of the case of a clergyman of great learning and excellence, who held the curacy of a large parish in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, of which university he was a distinguished member. The possessor of the living, a pluralist of great wealth, allowed his laborious curate 30*l*. a-year ; but after some years, insisted on his occupying an ancient and

ruinous house adjoining the church, for which he could get no other occupant. For this he charged a rent of 22*l.* per annum, leaving to a man whose distinguished merits have since attracted the attention of the Government, a stipend of *eight pounds a-year!*

The recklessness of the Ecclesiastical Commission has been quite on a par with their extravagance. Thus, when the residence of the Bishop of Rochester was changed, the old palace at Rochester was sold at one-half its notorious value, while 25,557*l.* was given for an estate and house at Danbury, the highest estimate of which is 17,400*l.*, and the lowest, 10,000*l.* The wasteful management of the Commission in the case of the diocese of Lincoln, is thus detailed by the 'Daily News':—

'The Rishborn estate consisted of about 1,500 acres; it was offered to the Commission for 62,000*l.*, who refused it at that price; on their refusal, it was bought by the very servants they employed; and by those servants one-third of it was re-sold to the Commission for 40,000*l.* Nor was this waste of money all. The Order in Council authorizing the purchase by the Commission of one-third of the estate at this extravagant price, stated that in the opinion of the Commission the purchase would be beneficial to the see, because there were on the property *house, offices, and out-buildings, which would afford a fit and convenient residence for the Bishop of Lincoln and his successors.* Yet no sooner had the purchase-money been paid, than the Ecclesiastical Commission found out that "the house, offices, and out-buildings," were unfit for a bishop! Nay, more, they actually spent 13,302*l.* on them, of which they paid 5,000*l.* out of the episcopal fund! First, they paid 40,000*l.* for the estate, because it had a fit house on it; then they spent 13,000*l.* because it had not a fit house! And all this selling and buying of estates, pulling down and building up, was notwithstanding the fact that there was in the city of Lincoln a bishop's palace, a running lease of which might have been had for 1,500*l.*, and that a small expenditure on it would have made it an excellent residence even for a bishop!'

In a word, we find that within the last fourteen years, there has been abstracted from the fund available for the support of the poorer clergy, and raised by the alienation and sale of the permanent property of the sees, no less a sum than 140,400*l.* This has been expended solely on the palaces of the bishops. Every one knows the difficulty of getting at the whole truth on any matter of ecclesiastical finance, and it is, therefore, possible that the figures before us may represent only an approximation to the reality. Among the items, however, we find, in one diocese, 52,194*l.* for a new palace and demesne; in a second, 7,000*l.* expended in *alterations*; and in a third, 800*l.* on the *stables!*

Yet, when the Commission was established, there were in England and Wales altogether—



Benefices . . . . . 10,553  
 Of these without any residence upon them 2,878  
 Without fit residence . . . . . 1,728  
 Total without fit residence . . . . . — 4,606 or two-fifths of all the parishes in England. The income of these 10,553 benefices was 3,055,441*l.*—averaging 285*l.* per annum. Of these there were—

|   |                 |
|---|-----------------|
| Under 50 <i>l.</i> per annum . . . . .        | 297             |
| From 50 <i>l.</i> to 100 <i>l.</i> „ . . . .  | 1,629           |
| From 100 <i>l.</i> to 150 <i>l.</i> „ . . . . | 1,602           |
| From 150 <i>l.</i> to 200 <i>l.</i> „ . . . . | 1,355           |
| From 200 <i>l.</i> to 300 <i>l.</i> „ . . . . | 1,978           |
| So that there were—                           | — 6,861         |
| Under 300 <i>l.</i> per annum . . . .         | 6,861 benefices |
| And under 150 <i>l.</i> . . . . .             | 3,528 „         |

The expenditure, therefore, of the Commission, in favour of bishops on the one part, and, on the other, of poor livings, the startling statistics of which we have given in the gross, and the pitiable details of which may be left to the imagination of the reader, would stand thus—

|   |          |
|---|----------|
| In augmenting poor sees from 1837 to 1843 . | £40,664  |
| „ „ from 1843 to 1847 .                     | 65,724   |
| On episcopal residences . . . . .           | 143,014  |
|   | <hr/>    |
| Total                                       | £249,402 |
| On poor livings                             | £167,321 |
|   | <hr/>    |

Leaving a balance in favour of the Episcopal body £82,081

Now this, it must be recollected, is in addition to the enormous wealth allowed by the Legislature to the bishops, and to the immense sums by which episcopal rapacity contrives *per fas et nefas* to augment them to an amount that would be incredible, were it not ascertained, and that, probably, only in part, by public documents which are clearly indisputable, *as far as they go*.

Before passing on to the next branch of our investigation, we will present the expenditure of the Commission on the splendour of the ecclesiastical bench in one other point of view. In the eight dioceses on which it was lavished there are no less than 502 benefices under 100*l.* a-year; of these there are—

|  |       |
|--|-------|
| Under 10 <i>l.</i> a-year . . . . .    | 1     |
| 10 <i>l.</i> to 20 <i>l.</i> . . . . . | 8     |
| 20 <i>l.</i> to 30 <i>l.</i> . . . . . | 10    |
| 30 <i>l.</i> to 40 <i>l.</i> . . . . . | 18    |
| 40 <i>l.</i> to 50 <i>l.</i> . . . . . | 48    |
|  | <hr/> |
| Total under 50 <i>l.</i>               | 85    |

‘That is to say, there were in those eight dioceses, where the enormous sum of 143,000*l.* has been expended on episcopal residences, no less than eighty-five clergymen of the Church of England—gentlemen and scholars—receiving as their pay less than 3*s.* a-day, which is below the wages of the masons employed on those buildings. Eight out of the number were receiving as little as 13*d.* a-day; and one actually receiving 6½*d.* And, strange to say, by a still more unhappy coincidence, the greater the parochial necessities of the diocese, the larger the episcopal outlay. In Gloucester, where 23,000*l.* has been laid out, there were 97 benefices under 100*l.* a-year. In Lincoln, where 54,000*l.* has been expended, there were 218 benefices under 100*l.* Now, a sum of 65,000*l.* would, by the commissioners’ own tables, have raised every poor living (and there were no less than 1,442) to 200*l.* a-year, leaving an average of 9,000*l.* to be expended on each palace. What has actually been expended in augmentations in those sees?

|  | £       |
|--|---------|
| On residences, as we have seen . . . . . | 143,000 |
| On augmenting poor benefices . . . . .   | 5,259   |
| or one twenty-eighth of the whole.       |         |

And when we consider that these pauper clergymen, as we may term them, are men as well born as the bishops—as well taught—having gone through the most expensive process of education—and that their influence depends on their maintaining the position of gentlemen—(on 6*d.* a-day!!!—less than the earnings of their poorest parishioners!—it would be ludicrous if it were not horrible!)—I am compelled to ask the question once before put by a witty divine,—“Why is the Church of England to be nothing but a collection of beggars and bishops?—the right reverend Dives in the palace, and Lazarus in orders at the gate, doctored by dogs, and comforted with crumbs?”—*Mr. Horsman’s Speeches.*

We turn now from the expenditure, permitted by the Ecclesiastical Commission for the increase of episcopal luxury and splendour, to the disclosures which the reports of that Commission have made touching the exorbitant incomes of the bishops, and the illegitimate sources from which they are derived. As these disclosures exhibit a degree of malversation, the parallel to which can only be found in our criminal records, we shall endeavour to make them comprehensible to all our readers.

It will be recollected that the business of the Ecclesiastical Commission was to ascertain, as best they might, the actual revenues of the bishoprics, and to readjust the distribution of these funds with a view to the nearer equalization of the value of sees, and the augmentation of poor benefices. It will be further recollected that the Primate of England was at the head of this Commission, together with so large a number of bishops as to give an absolute preponderance to the episcopal interest. The Commission proceeded to assess, under the special guidance of the prelates, what income was suitable and adequate to each see

respectively. This arrangement involved, for common decency's sake, a considerable diminution from the present receipts, and the first act of rapacious and incredible selfishness on the part of the bishops was to evade this diminution, which they themselves sanctioned, and to cause it to take effect on the next avoidance of each see! The *morale* of this arrangement is thus happily depicted by Mr. Horsman:—

‘The Archbishop of Canterbury steps forth and makes this proclamation:—“I, William, Archbishop of Canterbury, head of the Ecclesiastical Commission, having for its object to improve the efficiency of the Church, declare it my opinion that the present income of my see is a great deal too large—I recommend its reduction to 15,000*l.*,—in my opinion (and I speak with the confidence of long experience), that is quite enough.” How does he go on? Does he say, “I prove the sincerity and disinterestedness of my opinion by relinquishing, for the Church, the superfluity which I acknowledge I possess?” By no means: but he proceeds thus:—“Having given this opinion as to the rule to be applied to others, I don’t intend it to touch myself. I admit that I have a great deal more than I require, but I insist on being permitted to retain every farthing.” And so, in his turn, says another prelate. “I,” says the Bishop of London, “am most decidedly of opinion that 10,000*l.* a-year is an ample income for my see. The surplus bestowed on poor sees would promote the comfort of my indigent brethren and be a blessing to the Church: nevertheless it is a blessing which, as far as I am concerned, must be postponed during my life; for when I said no Bishop of London should have more than 10,000*l.* a-year, of course, according to immemorial usage, I meant the present company to be excepted.” Now there has always been to me, and I know it has also struck others, something perfectly incomprehensible in this. I could understand a good man saying, “I don’t think my means too large; and if I am in a minority at the Board, and outvoted on that point, I will at least give no facility for carrying out what I entirely disapprove.” But to go out of his way to declare “I have too much, but will relinquish nothing—I make a law for others, but spurn it for myself—I proclaim my superfluity of wealth only to make my retention of it more notorious;” this, to take the lowest view of it, is the most wanton and unprovoked blunder in common policy or morals which clever men ever made.’

But it should further be recollected, that the funds to be thus managed were strictly trust funds, and that the commissioners thus appointed were literally trustees who had undertaken the most sacred obligations that could attach to such an office. The violation of such a trust, especially by parties who had a beneficial interest in such violation, is obviously an offence of the highest magnitude which can be committed against the rights of property—a crime which, under ordinary circumstances, is known to the law as embezzlement, and punished by transporta-



tion. The reader shall judge how far the proceedings of the dignitaries of the Church partake of this character.

Our figures are taken from the published speeches of Mr. Horsman, a zealous Churchman, who professes to draw every statement from the reports of the Ecclesiastical Commission, accredited by the signatures of the very bishops whose conduct he impugns.

We commence with the Archbishop of Canterbury. In the year 1830, it was stated in Parliament by Dr. Lushington, as the advocate of the archbishop, that the income of the see was only 32,000*l.* a-year; yet in 1831, the average returned to the Commissioners was a gross income of 22,016*l.*, and a net income of 19,182*l.* This may well appear as sufficiently unaccountable; but the return further said, that 'the future income' must be reckoned at only 17,060*l.* The Commissioners wrote it down at that sum accordingly; but strange to say, when the average income of the see for the seven years ending 1843 was published, instead of having fallen to 17,060*l.*, it still yielded to its possessor 21,000*l.*

It will be observed, that the difference between the gross and the net income of the see of Canterbury, returned to the Commissioners as above stated, amounts to nearly 3,000*l.*, and the reader may perhaps be curious to know what are the items that account for this discrepancy. The Commissioners do not attempt to lift the veil which overhangs this mystery; one or two hints, however, may aid and direct our conjectures. We find, for example, among the archbishops items of deduction, 'for parliamentary and other expenses, 137*l.* per annum; visitations, confirmations, &c., 251*l.*' The latter of these items was presented by every bishop as an allowance to be made by the Commission; and it is at least one redeeming act of the Commissioners, that they most properly refused them in every instance. We further find, out of an income of between twenty and thirty thousand pounds a year, a proposed deduction of 45*l.* (!) for the Lambeth Palace library; but whether this munificent sum was allowed or not, we are not in a position to say. A further light, however, is thrown upon this subject by Mr. Horsman, in one of his most instructive speeches. In noticing the difference between the gross and net returns of the various sees, he says—

'I confess, that the enormous discrepancy between these, in the tabular statement of the seven years' average income of bishops, is to me perfectly unintelligible. It amounts to a sum of no less than 50,000*l.* a-year. This cannot proceed from any fixed or permanent charges or deductions, since the variation is so great from year to year. To take a few examples: in Durham, the difference between gross and net income was in—

|                       |         |                     |       |
|-----------------------|---------|---------------------|-------|
| 1837 . . .            | £14,000 | Lincoln. 1837 . . . | 400   |
| 1840 . . .            | 15,000  | 1838 . . .          | 700   |
| 1841 . . .            | 16,000  | 1839 . . .          | 400   |
| St. Asaph. 1837 . . . | 1,300   | 1840 . . .          | 900   |
| 1843 . . .            | 2,300   | 1841 . . .          | 2,200 |
| Ely. 1837 . . .       | 1,800   | Norwich. 1837 . . . | 300   |
| 1839 . . .            | 2,300   | 1843 . . .          | 1,200 |
| 1840 . . .            | 3,300   |                     |       |

Exeter, by the original return in 1831 the income was 2,734*l.*, but the difference between gross and net in 1843, 751*l.*, or 300 per cent.

It would be satisfactory if we knew exactly what the Commissioners admitted as legitimate deductions from the gross income. Taking the last case I have mentioned, for example, what deductions can be mentioned that will make a difference of 300 per cent. between the gross and the net income? I remember an anecdote, which may perhaps illustrate this point, of a gentleman who was known to have two livings of the value of 1,500*l.* a-year, but he returned them to the Commissioners as of the gross value of 150*l.*; and on being examined by the Commissioners, the account he gave was, that his two parishes were at some distance from each other, so that he was obliged to deduct the expense of the horse which conveyed him between them; that his wife was not in very good health, so that she was obliged to drive to church, which obliged him to deduct the expenses of the carriage: that a man in his station could not but send his children to a fashionable school, so that when every necessary expense was deducted, the net income remained at 150*l.* a-year. Now, suppose a bishop were very litigious, and had, in consequence, many law-suits with his clergy—suppose that he was rather eminent as a literary character, and composed a great many pamphlets, which were distributed through his diocese, or that he wrote long letters in the “Times,” addressed to the Prime Minister, would the Commissioners admit that all the expenses of these things, which are not included in his official functions, were proper and legitimate charges to be deducted from his own gross income? I can account on no other grounds for the difference between the gross and net incomes that appear upon the face of the returns.’

After this explanation we come to the see of York.

‘The return of income for that see was 13,000*l.* gross, and 12,000*l.* net, and it was remarked that a decrease of 20 per cent. must be expected. Accordingly the Commissioners wrote down a decrease of 20 per cent., and 10,000*l.* a-year was the sum put down as the income in expectancy; but by subsequent returns it appeared strangely enough that, instead of falling, the income had risen to 14,550*l.*, and that instead of a decrease of 20 per cent., there had been a positive increase of 40 per cent. over the sum calculated.’

But, perhaps, the most astounding case is that of the Bishop of London. Dr. Blomfield gave his income at 13,000*l.* net, and stated that a decrease from fines of 1,725*l.* a-year must be ex-

pected, and a further decrease on account of augmentations. The Commissioners, therefore, put down the future income as he had calculated it, 12,204*l.* a-year; but upon the next return it appeared, by some means or other, this income had risen to 14,552*l.* a-year. But this is a trifle compared with what remains to be told. Already, the immense returns of the Paddington estate loomed before the eyes of the Bishop of London; already a private act had been obtained granting his lordship the power of making leases and contracts for one of the richest properties in the metropolis; even in the report of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, dated March 17th, 1835, the same prospect of loss and diminution to the see of London was again expressed, though the mansions constituting Hyde Park Square, Hyde Park Terrace, Westbourne Terrace, and Kensall New Town, down to Oxford Square and Cambridge Square, were already built, and beginning to be inhabited.

'Squares and crescents,' says Mr. Horsman, 'were rising up in every direction, and at the very moment at which loss and decrease were spoken of, contracts had been signed, houses half built, and a mine of wealth had been secured to the future Bishops of London, of the amount of which I am afraid to make any estimate, but which persons, better competent than myself, have calculated cannot eventually amount to less than 100,000*l.* a year. And yet, in making his return to Parliament, this enormous wealth, which was not merely in prospect, but had actually begun to accrue—for which the way had been paved by an Act of Parliament, followed by all the troublesome minutiae of signing contracts and letting leases—so likely to impress it on the mind—had so completely escaped the recollection of the right rev. prelate, that in making his return to Parliament, he seems to have fancied himself, as to worldly means, an ill-doing man, rather going down in the world than otherwise. But this is not all; I wish it were; but the greatest wonder yet remains behind. The whole story of this Paddington estate is so remarkable that one surprise has no sooner subsided than another succeeds. It is strange, certainly, that in 1831 and 1835 there should have been no glimmer of foresight of the enormous increase about to take place; but what can be said of the extraordinary fact that, after the increase had actually taken place, the right rev. prelate appears in the next return none the richer for it? If honourable members will look at the return in 1843 of the average of seven years' incomes, they will find that the income of the Bishop of London in 1843, after all these buildings had been erected, was actually less than it had been in 1831, when not a single stone was laid. In 1831 the income of the bishop was 13,929*l.* In 1843, by his own return, it was 12,400*l.* Now, upon this point I should like to have some explanation. How comes it that after the erection of such an extent of handsome, and apparently profitable buildings, covering an extent of 400 acres, the right rev. prelate having signed about 2,000 leases—and those not let upon fines, but upon a steady and permanent rent, increasing as the buildings themselves increased,—how happens



it, I ask, that in the case of episcopal estates, the ordinary rules of cause and effect are completely reversed, and a town property becomes less valuable the more it is built upon; and that, when a large tract of land is turned from a waste into a city, and its value calculated by the square foot instead of the acre, the income should fall as the rental increases? I cannot explain it.'

A large number of men of business, and men of integrity, who are members of the Established Church, and partizans of the prelacy as it now exists, will read these statements. To deny, or even to question them, is impossible; they stand out upon indisputable documents. What will they—what can they say to them? The New Testament seems to be insufficient to convert them from the State-church *régime*. Will *these* facts be lost upon their minds unless they regard the ledger as a romance, and surrender their faith in the commercial transactions by which they live? If they are still incredulous we will ply them with a little more evidence, and take next the see of Durham.

The Bishop of Durham gave his gross income at 21,000*l.*, and his net income at 19,000*l.*; a discrepancy for which we have already afforded the reader the means of accounting; but he adds:—

'No correct judgment could be formed of its future value, as the profits depended upon mines, and augmentations had been granted to the extent of 1,170*l.*, which would diminish the future income. The Commissioners accordingly put down the future income of the see at 17,890*l.* Now it appears that the net income, instead of falling to 17,000*l.*, had risen to 22,992*l.*, and the gross income to 26,401*l.* For one year the Bishop of Durham, whose future income Parliament set down at 8,000*l.*, netted no less than 26,000*l.*'

Thus, Dr. Maltby, Bishop of Durham, has, in fourteen years, actually received 191,658*l.*, whereas he ought to have received only 112,000*l.*; making an excess which is, in fact, a robbery of the Church funds of 79,658*l.* Sir James Graham has, indeed, told us that other arrangements have recently been made which will preclude the recurrence of such an abuse, and has deprecated all reference to what is past; and we learn from Lord J. Russell that Dr. Maltby has determined henceforward to pay 15,000*l.* a-year into the ecclesiastical fund, instead of 13,000*l.*; that is to say, to keep the surplus of nearly 80,000*l.* which he has already pocketed, and to content himself in future with 13,563*l.* a-year; when it is not disputed by any one that every penny of that surplus ought to have been employed in the relief of spiritual destitution, and that Bishop Maltby ought to have received hitherto, and to receive in future, but 8,000*l.* a-year. But even this is not all. A considerable portion of the wealth of the see of Durham consists in minerals; and an avaricious prelate may easily despoil his successors by working these

minerals out in order to increase his own immediate receipts, and so long as he is allowed to appropriate all that he can make out of the revenues of the see, over and above a fixed payment to the Commissioners, it is probable that he will do so; nay, after reading the above details, will any man of common sense doubt that it has already been done?

A careful scrutineer of the Parliamentary evidence observes on the case of the Bishop of Durham:—

‘Some of the items of annual expense of the latter look rather oddly in the same page. Thus, gamekeepers and watchers on the moors, 610*l.*!! Societies for Promoting Christian Knowledge (seven), each, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts (two), each, 5*l.* 5*s.* The whole amount of charitable outgoings of this bishop, which he claims to be allowed as part of the expenses of his office, stand as follows:—Schools, 342*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; Societies, 105*l.*; Infirmarys, 75*l.*; Miscellaneous, 145*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.*—Total, 667*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.* A trifle more than his gamekeepers and watchers!’

The case of the Bishop of Winchester is not dissimilar to his more fortunate brethren: the income of this see was fixed at 8,000*l.* per annum; within the last fourteen years he has received, according to the *approximation* of Parliamentary documents, 151,166*l.*; showing an increase over the stated income of no less than 53,166*l.*

We now come to a case which has recently engaged a large share of public attention—we refer to that of Dr. Monk, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. And here we waive for a moment a comparative view of the legal and the actual income of the see; and present a brief statement of the now notorious facts respecting the Horfield estate; introducing as our authority Mr. Horsman, who, though a zealous Church Reformer, is so far from leaning towards the views of Dissenters, as to show no appreciation of the results of the Voluntary principle. In the report of his speech on the motion of the Marquis of Blandford, in favour of Church extension, July 1st, 1851, we find the following statement:—

‘The estate of Horfield, near the city of Bristol, was let on a lease of three lives in 1817 by the then Bishop of Bristol. Two of the lives dropped in the time of Bishop Grey, who did not renew them. When the first life dropped, he attempted to renew, but not being able to come to terms with the lessee, he gave up all idea of renewing, and declared his intention to leave the estate to fall in for the benefit of the see, instead of his own family. Bishop Grey died, and Bishop Allen succeeded in 1834. Bishop Grey’s determination respecting Horfield having been made known to Lord Melbourne, his lordship, on appointing Bishop Allen, told him that two lives in the Horfield lease had dropped, and that only one—an old man—remained, and that his predecessor had resolved to let the lease run out for the benefit of the

see. Under these circumstances, Lord Melbourne stipulated that Bishop Allen should not renew the lease. . . . In 1836 Bishop Allen was translated to Ely, and the dioceses of Gloucester and Bristol became an united see, held by Monk. Matters remained in this state until 1842, when the old life, Dr. Shadwell, was taken ill, and then it began to be rumoured abroad that the Bishop of Gloucester meant to renew the lease. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners were alarmed, and caused their secretary to write to the bishop, alluding to the rumour which had reached them, and expressing a hope that it was not correct. The bishop wrote a reply, in which he said he felt insulted at the suspicion entertained of him—that if he were to renew the lease he would do something unbecoming a bishop which would leave a lasting reproach on his family. . . . The Commissioners, on the receipt of the bishop's letter, desired their secretary to write to him again, expressing sorrow for having wounded his feelings, and stating that they were much comforted by the assurances contained in his epistle. In 1847, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners had to make a new arrangement respecting the income of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, it being found that the see was richer than was necessary to secure the payment of 5,000*l.* to the bishop. It was accordingly decided that certain payments should be made to the episcopal fund, and the Commissioners, at the same time, determined to take possession of the estate of Horfield, and they passed an order in council vesting it in themselves after the next vacancy. Under these circumstances the Ecclesiastical Commissioners were surprised at the commencement of 1848 by receiving a communication from the Bishop of Gloucester, stating his intention to renew the lease, and giving them the refusal of it for the sum of 11,500*l.* The Ecclesiastical Commissioners desired their secretary to write to the bishop, reminding him of the moral obligation he was under not to renew the lease. The bishop answered, that he knew nothing of moral obligations; that he had a legal right; and, if the Commissioners did not choose to pay him 11,500*l.* he would renew the lease and alienate the property from the Church. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners—influenced, no doubt, by the best motives—agreed, most improperly, to deal with the bishop, and to pay him 11,500. They, however, endeavoured to carry the arrangement into effect, not openly and in public, but by private transfer with the bishop. The deed of transfer was submitted to their solicitor, who, however, refused to incur the responsibility of being a party to such a transaction. He told them they must prepare a scheme and an order in council. These instruments were prepared and laid before the Attorney-General, and those instruments were within twenty-four hours of being ratified, when the circumstances became known, and he questioned the Attorney-General on the subject, without succeeding in obtaining a very clear answer. He then appealed to the noble lord at the head of the Government not to sanction the order in council until he had read the evidence bearing on the point. The noble lord promised he would not, and whether he had read the evidence or not, the Government had refused to ratify the scheme. The worst was yet to come. Last year Dr. Shadwell died, and it was in evidence, in a return, that the Bishop of Gloucester, by his own act,



had renewed the lease of Horfield, his own secretary being the lessee, and, as he (Mr. H.) was informed, his own children being the lives put in the lease.\* Was there any other public department in which such a transaction would be permitted? Would any man, except a dignitary of the Church, dare to carry out such a transaction, and show his face as an honest man in public? He (Mr. H.) had not yet been able to obtain any explanation of the terms on which the renewal of the lease had taken place; but he knew that Mr. Finlayson calculated that the three young lives put into the lease depreciated the value of the property ninety per cent.'

In reply to these allegations, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has published a letter, insisting on his *legal* right (the moral right being held *sub silentio* alike by himself and his parliamentary advocates) to dispose of this large property at his own option—at the same time declaring his intention of appropriating it to the benefit of the diocese. After the details we have given, the reader will judge of the degree of confidence to be reposed in his lordship's intentions.

In 1836, this same Bishop Monk calculated, before the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the future income of his see at 3,125*l.* per annum. After this will the following demonstrable facts be credited? The average revenue of the see for fourteen years subsequent to this computation has been 7,282*l.* In 1838, it amounted to 11,107*l.*, and in the fourteen years the excess was no less than 34,398*l.* *over the bishop's own estimate!* Time would fail us to pursue these investigations through all the dioceses of England and Wales; in almost all of them, however, the result would be similar; and in most cases so much of concealment and chicane is exhibited, as to leave us in a very uneasy state of doubt as to whether we have got nearly to the bottom of these scandalous transactions. As a gross result, however, we may state the astounding fact, that the bishops have unjustly appropriated to their own aggrandizement, and that from a fund applicable to the supplementing of the poorest benefices, a sum of *between five and six hundred thousand pounds*. How, we are tempted to exclaim, could this occur under the eyes of a Government Commission? The answer is obvious—half the bishops on the bench were members of that Commission! Could the ointment of the best apothecary be odorous, with so many dead flies in it?

We rise from the inquiry of which we have thus presented a few of the results, with a predominant feeling of commiseration for the luckless class of Church Reformers. To attempt the

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\* This appears from subsequent explanations to be slightly inaccurate; as it is said that the substituted lives are the three eldest of her Majesty's children.

reformation of such a system is purely chimerical. Here is an Augean stable to be cleansed, and instead of a Hercules, we have two street-orderlies, the members for Cockermouth and Marylebone, each with his brush and dustpan.

But these laborious enthusiasts have received a reinforcement from an unexpected quarter ; and this accession constitutes a most significant sign of the times. We refer to the pamphlet recently put forth by George Anthony Denison, M.A., Vicar of East Brent, entitled, 'Why should the Bishops continue to sit in the House of Lords?' This publication, emanating from such a source, is certainly a great curiosity. It reminds us of the Pythoness unconsciously uttering truths under the spell of an irresistible compulsion. We cannot afford space for Mr. Denison's reasoning ; its object, however, shall be stated in his own words :—

'I am well aware of the obloquy I must incur, but I do not hesitate to declare that the position of the bishops, as peers of Parliament, appears to me to be, in these days, incapable of defence. . . .

'This, then, is the conclusion which I propose to establish. The main propositions to be proved are in brief :

'I. That the Church of England, AS A CHURCH, has only a limited hold upon her members, whether clergy or people.

'II. That her principal hold upon her members depends partly upon a false view of her office and essential character, and partly upon her accidents.

'III. That the position of the clergy being, in many respects, secular and unreal, is one principal hinderance to the more just and extended appreciation of the office and essential character of the Church.

'IV. That in particular, the position of the bishops as peers of Parliament is secular and unreal.'

These positions we do not hesitate to say Mr. Denison has conclusively established. One or two isolated sentences must suffice as illustrations of his sentiments.

'Of all ways,' he says, 'of crippling and weakening the Church of England, and of exposing and perpetuating her weakness, I know of no one so certain and so effectual, as defending her by Act of Parliament.'—P. 14.

'Is the Church of England content to abide in her present position in respect of the appointment of her bishops ? *then* is she content with an unreality in religion, and does not shrink from a perpetual mockery of God.'—P. 28.

'It is curious to remark, that no profession appears to have so much time at its command for the general business and amusements of life, as the profession of holy orders in the Church of England.'—P. 26.

In one word, Mr. Denison sees, probably by the light of such facts as we have now laid before the reader, that the Church of England, as by law established, is the grand sham, the crowning

imposture of the day ; and we trust that he will shortly be prepared to place himself at the head of a numerous class who are prepared honestly to come forward and declare that they will no longer disguise the fact, or consent to be actors in the farce.

We stop the press to notify an important event in connexion with the subject of the foregoing article. This is the promulgation of an order in council, which provides that all bishops appointed subsequently to the year 1847 shall be compelled to deliver half-yearly accounts of all monies received by them in respect of their see, and to hand over the surplus, or receive the balance, as the case may be. It further ordains, that henceforth the bishop shall not be permitted to renew leases where the fine exceeds 100*l.* without the consent of the Ecclesiastical Commission ; and if the fine equal a certain amount, the bishop is not to be trusted even to receive the money, but it is to be paid directly by the lessees to the commissioners. So far this provision is as proper as it has been proved to be necessary. But why, the country will indignantly ask, is this to be confined to the more recently appointed bishops, and not extended to the whole bench ? Is it that the peculations of the older prelates are not yet sufficiently demonstrated, and the amount of plunder sufficiently enormous ? And why, again, if the renewal-fines are not to be suffered to pass through the viscous palms of the prelates, is the making-up of the accounts of surplus income to be entrusted to them, and the amount which they may choose to confess to, to be received from such hands ?

The order in council clearly implies the judgment of the Commission and the Crown that the bishops, as a body, are not to be trusted with even the temporary custody of money that does not belong to them. Why, then, will not the Whig Ministry for once take action openly and honestly on this conviction ? The only way (and they know it) in which they can save the ecclesiastical funds from wholesale embezzlement is, to suffer none but the commissioners to be either the receivers or the paymasters. Meanwhile it is absolutely disgusting to see the most plethoric of the bishops invested with a life-interest in their illicit but enormous gains. ' We do not envy,' says the ' Times,' of September 25th, ' the feelings of the man who can contentedly pocket, year after year, thousands of pounds which it was never intended he should possess, which he is abstracting from the most beneficial objects, and the retention of which is reprobated by the dictates of morality and honour, and visited by the disapprobation of the public and the implied censure of the most respectable members of the Church. We have, however, little doubt that this system will continue till the course of mortality restores to the Church the funds she should long since have received !'



## Brief Notices.

### CONTENTS.

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. The Southern Districts of New Zealand, 496.</li> <li>2. The State-church Described by its Friends.—The Trusteeship of the State-church—Sydney Smith and the Bishops.—The State-churches in British Guiana.—The Public Right to the Universities.—The Spiked Cannons, 497.</li> <li>3. The Chronicle of Battel Abbey, 498.</li> <li>4. The Restoration of All Things; or, a Vindication of the Goodness and Grace of God, 498.</li> <li>5. Journal of a Resident in Norway, during the years 1835 and 1836, 499.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>6. The Structure of Prophecy, 499.</li> <li>7. Protestant Dissent Vindicated, 500.</li> <li>8. Counsels to Christian Parents, regarding the Education of their Children, 500</li> <li>9. Æternitas; or, Glimpses of the Future Destinies of Man, 500.</li> <li>10. A Grammar of the French Language, 501.</li> <li>11. A Selection from Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son on Education, 501.</li> <li>12. Divine Providence considered and illustrated, 501.</li> <li>13. Douglas's English Grammar, 501.</li> </ol> |
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*The Southern Districts of New Zealand. A Journal, with Passing Notices of the Customs of the Aborigines.* By Edward Shortland, M.A. 12mo. Pp. 315. London: Longman and Co.

THE author of this volume was employed by the Colonial Government of New Zealand as Protector of the Aborigines; and in the course of his official duties, kept a journal, from which the present publication has been compiled. His engagement required him to visit various parts of the colony, and brought him into frequent contact with its inhabitants, which afforded good opportunities of observing their condition and habits. Of these opportunities he was well qualified to avail himself, and his Notes are, in consequence, worthy of attention, and will amply repay the time and labor employed in their investigation. 'It is hoped,' he tells us in his preface, 'that the anecdotes and other matters illustrative of the habits of the aboriginal population of the country, which have been occasionally introduced, will prove instructive as well as entertaining.' This is certainly the case, as any attentive reader of his volume will admit. Its general characteristic is that of being valuable rather than attractive. There is not enough of adventure to meet the taste of some readers, nor is the interior of New Zealand life painted with such minuteness and graphic skill as to place it vividly before the eye. There are, however, other qualities which fully compensate for the absence of these. Mr. Shortland writes like a man of sound judgment and of upright purpose, who had ample means of noting what few Europeans see, and who honestly reports his observations for the benefit of others. The geographical information of his volume is considerable; the light which it throws on the views and customs of the Aborigines is exceedingly valuable; while the details furnished respecting the whaling stations on the coast, entitle it to be consulted on all points connected with the fisheries of the colony.

We are glad to find our author an opponent of the views recently broached respecting the rapid decrease of the native population. He deems such views erroneous, and sets forth some strong reasons in support of the opposite opinion. We are inclined to think him right, and shall rejoice if further inquiry confirms his representation. We thank Mr. Shortland for the service he has rendered, and recommend his unpretending but valuable volume to our readers.

1. *The Church Described by its Friends. A Debate in the House of Commons on Church Extension, July 1, 1851.*
2. *The Trusteeship of the State-church. An Inquiry into the Management of the Episcopal and Capitular Estates.*
3. *Sydney Smith and the Bishops. A Sketch of the Dignitaries and Subordinates of the Church of England.*
4. *The State-churches in British Guiana.* By W. G. Barrett.
5. *The Public Right to the Universities.* By a University Man.
6. *The Spiked Cannons. An Account of the Repealed Penal Statutes affecting Liberty of Conscience.* London: British Anti-state-church Association, 41, Ludgate-Hill.

THE Anti-state-church Association acts wisely in throwing its strength, for a time, into its publishing department; for, from the interest which the public are now taking in ecclesiastical questions, numbers are prepared to read with avidity what they would once have turned from with indifference or disgust. The perusal of the pamphlets before us, all of which may be had for a few pence, can scarcely fail to awaken in serious Churchmen feelings of the deepest concern, and to inspire Dissenters with a stronger determination to root out the evil the varied forms of which are so graphically described.

The church-extension debate, the *exposé* of the mysteries and iniquities of church leasing, given in 'The Trusteeship of the State-church,' and the famous Canon of St. Paul's lively but pungent denunciation of abuses and anomalies, which, low as his views were, his strong sense would not allow him to tolerate, reveal an amount of greediness, of unscrupulousness, and of faithlessness, such as we hope can be paralleled in no other Protestant community. 'The State-churches in British Guiana' exhibits the working of the Establishment principle, in the form of money-grants to various sects—a system originated, avowedly, to check the progress of missionary efforts among the negroes, who were 'becoming too religious and too knowing,' but which has become so ruinously expensive to the colony as to excite the indignation of the very class who are responsible for its introduction. The pamphlet on the Universities is deserving of a lengthened notice, for the importance of the questions on which it touches. The author writes with great moderation, but with decision as well as ability, and gives indications of thorough acquaintance with his topic. The 'Spiked Cannons' is a title derived from the practice adopted in war of disabling the enemy's guns; the pieces of ordnance thus deprived of power appropriately serving, says the writer, 'to call to mind those legislative enactments which once disgraced our statute-book, enforcing, as they did, severe penalties against all who did not accept the dominant faith—enactments which, by the progress of liberty, have been gradually annulled, and now lie before us the cumbersome and worthless relics of the folly and injustice of past ages.' We specially commend this tract to the perusal of the admirers of 'the most tolerant Church in Christendom.'

*The Chronicle of Battel Abbey, from 1066 to 1176. Now first translated, with Notes, and an Abstract of the subsequent History of the Establishment.* By Mark Anthony Lower, M.A., 8vo. Pp. 227. London: John Russell Smith.

THE appearance of such a volume as this is a good and healthy sign. It betokens an improved condition of the popular mind, and leads us to hope that we are escaping from the prejudices in which modern partizanship has too long bound us. Until recently, our countrymen have been content to receive their historical information at second-hand. Indeed, no other course was open, as the sources of our history were closed against them, either by the uncouth latinity in which they were entombed, or by their expensiveness. Happily a new state of things is now arising, of which the volume before us is both an effect and sign. The original manuscript is in the British Museum, and a copy of it was printed in 1846, by the Anglia-Christiana Society. This edition was restricted to the members of that society, and the work consequently remained unknown to the general public. The present translation, however, brings it within the reach of all historical students, who cannot fail to prize it very highly. It is in truth a very valuable piece of local history, and will be found to throw various and important lights on the views and fortunes of our countrymen at the time of the Conquest.

The Chronicle commences with the Norman invasion, and extends to 1176. The writer of it is unknown. He was evidently a monk of Battel, but whether he filled a subordinate or a prominent station, cannot now be ascertained. Amongst the subjects included in the Chronicle, are, the Norman invasion; the vow of Duke William to found a monastery on the field of battle; the privileges of the Abbey and its exemption from episcopal and civil jurisdiction; feudal customs; contentions with the bishops of Chichester; and anecdotes of Norman kings and other distinguished personages. It is without doubt a very valuable and instructive record, and its attentive perusal will do more to render us familiar with the *life* of our ancestors than the most elegant and graphic sketch which modern skill can draw.

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*The Restoration of All Things; or, A Vindication of the Goodness and Grace of God, to be manifested at last in the recovery of his whole Creation out of their Fall.* By Jeremiah White, Chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. With an Introductory Essay, by David Thom, D.D., Ph.D. London: H. K. Lewis.

ABLER writers than White have succeeded him in the advocacy of his favorite dogma, but special interest attaches to this volume, from its having been one of the earliest defences of universalism published in this country. The author died in 1707, and his work was not issued till five years afterwards. In the history of religious doctrines it occupies an important niche, and should have the careful examination of ecclesiastical students. Beyond this class it will not secure much attention, nor is it written in a style adapted to engage the general reader, though it has qualities which will amply repay the labor of



perusal. Dr. Thom's 'Introductory Essay' is distinguished by earnestness and ability. It contains much which we admire, but its excellences are vitiated, in our judgment, by the unsoundness of its general principle, and the erroneous view in consequence taken of some parts of the divine revelation and government. It displays an extensive acquaintance with church history, and a thorough sympathy with the views of the author.

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*Journal of a Residence in Norway during the years 1835 and 1836; made with a View to inquire into the Moral and Political Economy of that Country, and the Condition of its Inhabitants.* By Samuel Laing, Esq. New Edition. Pp. 306. London: Longman and Co.

THIS volume forms Parts Six and Seven of 'The Traveller's Library,' and is issued at the exceedingly low price of two shillings. We need say nothing in commendation of Mr. Laing's work. It has been before the public some years, and is highly valued for the sterling, as well as novel, information it contains. It is unquestionably the best book on the subject which our language contains, and its publication in so neat and cheap a form is matter of gratulation to all who are concerned for the diffusion of sound and healthy knowledge. We have heard those who have visited Norway speak of the work as accurately descriptive of the social and religious condition of the country. The Messrs. Longman have exercised sound discretion in incorporating such a work in 'The Traveller's Library,' and we shall be glad to find that its circulation equals their largest anticipations.

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*The Structure of Prophecy.* By James Douglas, of Cavers. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1850.

THIS charming treatise has been on our table many months, and we have delayed noticing it until we could enter somewhat fully on the expression of our views of prophecy. Our respect for the venerable writer, and our admiration of these lectures, are so profound, that we can no longer defer an earnest recommendation of them to our readers. 'The object was, to give a rapid and general outline of the structure of the prophetic writings. The author has only to add his fervent wish and prayer, that a writer might speedily be raised up to give the world a standard work on the whole of prophecy, where the comment might be fully in accordance with the divine text; and partaking of the permanence of the original, might endure to all generations.' In this wish we join. Many qualities must meet in such a writer—a large acquaintance with the Oriental languages and literatures; a deeply poetical genius; a large catholic soul, sympathizing heartily with man in all the phases of his history, and reverently with God in the sublime righteousness and mercy of his dispensations; a thorough knowledge of history in its widest sense; breadth of understanding; a discriminating and uncontroversial perception of what is true, and appreciation of what is precious, in the *ancient* interpreters as well as in the modern; freedom from ecclesiastical prejudices and strong political theories; a

pre-eminently devout spirit ; a very humble heart ; clearness and simplicity of expression ; and strong, practical, good sense. We need scarcely say, that the greater part of writers on prophecy have been defective in one or other of these qualities. As a general rule, our own observation leads us to declare that the value of such productions as we have read is generally in the inverse proportion to their pretensions and their confidence, and their scornful assumptions of superiority to those who differ from them. We have no hope of the study of prophecy ever becoming comprehensive, exact, and subservient to the spiritual purposes of revelation, until the path is laid open by such a 'standard work' as that which we concur with Mr. Douglas in desiring.

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*Protestant Dissent Vindicated.* By J. G. Rogers, B.A. London: Green.

THE simple, vigorous tone of this pamphlet deserves a word of hearty commendation. It is as manly and clear a vindication of the duty of Dissent, and as effective a refutation of the old hackneyed charge of schism, as we have in our Nonconformist library. Drawn forth by local attacks on our position, it deals with principles, not with the special circumstances that occasioned it. It may, therefore, be, and should be, widely circulated.

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*Counsels to Christian Parents, regarding the Education of their Children.* Prepared by a Committee of the United Presbyterian Synod. Glasgow: Dunn.

AN excellent manual of parental duty, the extensive circulation of which will be productive of much good. Few topics are so important, yet it is impossible to enter many houses without perceiving that it is sadly overlooked. The opposite extremes of severity and indulgence are too frequently visible, and the domestic circle consequently fails to exhibit the repose and loveliness for which we look. This little tractate is drawn up in the knowledge of these evils, and contains much judicious counsel directed to the preparation of childhood to discharge the duties of advanced years. If parents duly considered how intimately their own happiness and that of their children was bound up with the wise culture of the latter, they would be vastly more attentive to this department of their duty. Considering how children are frequently trained, it is matter of surprise that they do not turn out worse than they do.

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*Æternitas ; or, Glimpses of the Future Destinies of Man.* By William Bathgate. London: Ward and Co.

THIS book is not meant to be controversial, nor to dwell much on the accidents of a future ; but to state the great broad outlines of the Scripture teaching about Eternity. Establishing the fact of the immortality of the soul, it then adds to that immortality the idea of opposite moral conditions, and thence proceeds to very clear, powerful chapters on the destinies, and grounds of these destinies, of the saved and the lost. We can only express here our high admiration of the

clear, argumentative progress of the book ; it is all ' co-operant to an end ;' every section is in its place, and tells ; it is a building—not, like too many of our modern books, a heap. But the logical is by no means the exclusive faculty of the author's strength. He writes with such earnest, solemn power, keeping at the same time so far from coarse declamation, with such profound reverence for God's future world and God's word—such a deep sense of what a man's soul is, and may be—as will, we cannot but think, ensure great good.

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*A Grammar of the French Language: comprehending New and Complete Rules on the Genders of French Nouns.* By Isidore Brasseur. Eighth Edition. London: Relfe and Fletcher. 1851.

THIS is one of the best practical grammars for schools with which we are acquainted. Its Rules on the Genders of French Substantives are remarkably clear and useful.

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*A Selection from Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son on Education ; with the most Idiomatic Expressions given in Notes, to assist the Learner in Translating them into French. To which is added, a Selection from Cowper's Letters.* For the Use of Schools. By Isidore Brasseur. Second Edition. London: Relfe and Fletcher. 1851.

THIS book supplies a want which must have long been felt by both teachers and learners of the French language in England. We wish for it the wide success which it so eminently deserves. Besides being valuable as school-books, M. Brasseur's Grammar and Selection will be found of great service to the private student and the traveller on the continent.

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*Divine Providence considered and illustrated.* By Charles Hargeaves. London: Ward and Co.

THERE is little attempt here at thorough discussion of the great subject chosen, but, as a collection of narratives tending to illustrate it, the work may be of interest to young readers. This is all the writer professes, and this he has done.

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*Douglas's English Grammar.* Edinburgh: Black and Co.

WE recommend Douglas's English Grammar to the notice of teachers, whether in families or schools. It is plain, complete, and well arranged. The rules are clear ; the explanations are brief and pointed, but satisfactory. The whole is admirably adapted for the purpose of instruction. On the whole, we know of no better grammar. We should mention, that Mr. James Douglas has long been eminent as a teacher in one of those educational institutions for which Edinburgh is celebrated.



## Review of the Month.

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THERE IS A LULL IN IRISH AGITATION, and, whatever it may portend, we rejoice in the fact. Notwithstanding past experience, we are willing to hope that our fellow-subjects across the Channel will avail themselves of the interval, to review their position and to re-arrange their measures. They will be wise to do so, for there are limits beyond which the most generous forbearance cannot go. The great meeting at the Rotunda, for the inauguration of the 'Catholic Defence Association,' was sufficiently characteristic to pain their best friends, and to re-awaken the hopes of hereditary opponents. Should they persist in the policy of that meeting, the Imperial Government will have no alternative. Law must be enforced; and Dr. Cullen and Mr. Reynolds, and other would-be martyrs, may rest assured that all classes, save their own, will rally round the Premier in maintaining 'The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.' The language adopted at that meeting, and the tone of insolent defiance which marked the publication of its minutes, will find no support in this country. The organs of the Catholic body have gone even further than the speakers of the Rotunda. With a frankness for which we thank them, they have disclosed what more politic advocates concealed. Their language is unmistakeable, and its logical sequence from the premises assumed cannot be questioned. The following, taken from the 'Tablet,' needs no comment:—

'He (Dr. Sumner) is himself one of that class of heretics called Protestants, and the persons over whom only he has any rightful jurisdiction are Protestants also. Hence we may call him a "Statutory Superintendent of Protestants." But not of all Protestants. His headquarters are in Canterbury, and the circle of his lay functions extends over a district which it would be base flattery to call a see, and which, indeed, since the late Papal rescript, has absolutely ceased to be a see for anybody to claim, but which we may rationally call the "Canterbury District." When we mean, therefore, to speak of the individual in question, apart from his office, we shall designate him—and we beg our correspondents to designate him—as Mr. Sumner. When we mean to speak of his office, we shall style him "Statutory Superintendent of Protestants in the Canterbury District"—or something to that effect. In like manner we have Mr. Whately in the Dublin District; Mr. Blomfield in the London District; Lord John George Beresford in the Armagh District; Lord Robert Ponsonby Tottenham in the Clogher District; Mr. Stopford in the Meath District; and so on. We hope our readers will follow so good an example, and will help us to preserve strict truth on these mighty questions by correcting us whenever inadvertently we fall into a mistake.'

To talk of a religious crusade against their Church, of coercing their conscience, of reviving the age of pains and penalties, is sheer nonsense. There is nothing of the kind in the legislation of last session,

and we are not wanting in candor when we affirm that the chief actors in this drama know that there is not. We trust that the Rotunda meeting has sufficed to let off the pent-up wrath of Mr. Reynolds and his associates. Should it prove so, her Majesty's Ministers will do well to take no notice of the vapping there indulged in. If the fire is burning out, let no fresh fuel be supplied; but if otherwise—if the agitation is to be continued—if the vehement threats uttered are to be put in force—then the Government will owe it to itself, and to the people which reposes in its fidelity, to enforce, at every cost, the penalties that have been enacted. To coerce conscience, is impiety towards God as well as injustice to man; but to restrain priestly assumption, is a solemn duty enforced alike by political expediency and by religious faith. To the one we are determinedly opposed; and to the other, whether in the case of Papists or Protestants, we are ever ready to lend our zealous and unbought support.

THE COUNTRY IS WAITING TO LEARN WHAT THE REFORM BILL OF 1852 IS TO BE.—As yet, no token has been given; scarcely a feeler has been put out. We are not surprised at this, nor do we complain of it. Ministers must be too glad to be relieved from attendance at St. Stephen's to betake themselves as yet to the labor of preparing for another session. Holiday is a new thing, and we are content to let them play a little longer. It will be wise, however, soon to look the matter in the face, and to bethink themselves gravely of what they are to propose. Their reputation suffered much last session by the immaturity of their plans and their consequent vacillation. It will be difficult to recover the ground they lost; but should they blunder again, they will be gone beyond redemption. The times are eminently favorable to them just now. The people are in a mood to accept fair terms, but there must be no juggling, no attempt at delusion, no strengthening the oligarchy under professions of zeal for popular freedom. Two points, at least, we deem essential—a large extension of the suffrage, and the ballot. Without these, all else will be nugatory, *nor must they be separated*. To concede the one and to refuse the other, will be to trifle with the forbearance of the people, and to insure, at no distant period, an imperative demand for much larger and more sweeping changes. We cannot imagine that the 'Globe'—ministerialist though it be—is an exponent of the views of Government in this matter. Should it prove to be so, Lord John may calculate on a burst of indignation before which even his courage will quail. But we will not anticipate this. We do not believe of his lordship anything half so treacherous and suicidal. Should his political opponents suggest such a scheme, his good sense, to say nothing of his patriotism and past professions, would instantly and indignantly reject it. We wait the revelation that must speedily come. The people want something tangible about which to rally. Should the oracle, when heard, speak in clear, unmistakable, and popular terms, the heart of a great nation will leap with joy, and hundreds of thousands will rally to the standard which their former leader has unfurled.

THE ACCOUNTS RECEIVED FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE are far

from being flattering to our statesmanship or military prowess. A more iniquitous or unproductive war than that now waged against the Caffres has rarely been undertaken even in our most distant dependencies. Artifice and brute force—chicanery proper only to a gamester, and insulting menaces specially exasperating to uncivilized tribes—are the weapons on which Sir Harry Smith and the Colonial Office seem solely to rely. The Caffres have lost, and righteously so, the last vestige of confidence in our good faith. In the presence of their chiefs, as if to add insult to wrong, our representative is reported to have torn to pieces the treaty in which they confided, and to have cast its fragments to the wind. *The Colonial Office is aware of this fact*, yet Earl Grey continues to denounce the *barbarians*, and to uphold the conciliatory and equitable Governor. The truth is—and the country should speak strongly on the point—Sir Harry Smith is utterly unfit for his post. We say nothing against his military qualities; for aught we know, these may be first-rate. But as a civil officer, as the administrator of a colony in such condition as the Cape, he is clearly incompetent, and ought to be immediately recalled.

For some months past we have been told, that he waited only for reinforcements to execute a movement which would terminate the struggle. The reinforcements have arrived; the movement has been executed; but so far is the struggle from being closed, that it never wore so threatening an aspect before. In the latter part of June, the Governor, in concert with General Somerset, carried the Caffre fastnesses in the Amatola Mountains. The assault was completely successful, and upwards of 2,000 head of cattle, besides horses and goats, rewarded the victors. But what was the result? The Governor himself, in his report to Earl Grey, July 3rd, says, 'The success in the Amatolas has had no perceptible effect as regards the termination of hostilities.' So far on the one side—but now on the other. The natives were too well aware of European superiority to waste their time and numbers in a struggle with our troops. They therefore dispersed, gained the rear of Sir Harry, and threw themselves on the colony as a devastating pestilence. They are reported to have swept away 20,000 sheep, 3,000 head of cattle, and 300 horses. Such is the issue of the movement which was to close the struggle. How long is this to last? That the courage and discipline of our soldiery may ultimately prevail, we do not question: but are we prepared for the cost and sacrifice of life which this involves? *The Caffres have with them substantial right*, and we are, therefore, specially indisposed to pay the required price for their subjection. In the name of justice, and on behalf of our country's honor, we earnestly advocate an immediate and peaceful settlement of this disgraceful contest. The Caffre question is complicated by the policy of Earl Grey towards the colonists. If his lordship persists in his obstinacy, he must be discarded by his associates, or the colony will be lost.

THE DEATH OF THE REV. JOSEPH JOHN FREEMAN, at any time, and under any circumstances, would have been matter of regret. His personal worth, official position, and various labors, attached more than ordinary value to his life, but at the present moment the event is



specially to be deplored. Mr. Freeman's intimate knowledge of the Caffre question, his acquaintance with the Cape, in which he has recently sojourned, his sound judgment and transparent rectitude, rendered him a witness of the highest worth. Just returned from the colony, he was enabled to speak with authority on the state of parties; to refute the calumnies industriously propagated against the aborigines; to point out their grievous wrongs; and to invoke on their behalf the justice and generosity of the British people. Others might be like-minded with himself; but his personal knowledge of the native tribes, the intercourse he had held with many of their chiefs, the scenes he had witnessed, the complaints and the prayers with which he was charged directly from themselves, gave him an immense superiority to which no other man amongst us can lay claim. But the Supreme Disposer of events has withdrawn him from the field of labor, for which he was so eminently fitted; and while we do honor to the dead, we must prepare ourselves, as best we may, to supply his lack of service. Mr. Freeman was not gifted with genius. He had no pretension to this quality, nor to the intellectual superiority which ranges next to it. His talent was thoroughly respectable, but not first-rate. It was practical rather than speculative, and occupied itself with the furtherance of human interests rather than the dogmatic and theoretic views in which some men dream away their lives. His convictions were strong, his spirit was catholic, and his demeanor urbane and gentlemanly. If in any point of his public life he were deficient, it would seem to us to have been in the want of that moral courage—we use the word in the absence of a better—which prompts the utterance of an unpleasant conviction in the presence of those who are esteemed and beloved. Take him all in all, we have known few such men, and his loss at the present moment is a calamity which the Church may well deplore.

Mr. Freeman was born in 1794; was educated at Hoxton Academy; and after having been engaged for some years in ministerial work in England, repaired to Madagascar in 1827, where he labored with fidelity till the close of 1835, when he was driven by persecution from the island. For some time he remained at the Cape, whence he returned to England in 1841, and was appointed one of the secretaries of the London Missionary Society. His subsequent labors are well known. Having recently visited South Africa, in order to inspect the Society's stations, he first published a letter to Earl Grey, on the struggle now pending in Caffraria, and since then a volume descriptive of his *tour*, which we purpose noticing next month. To the general observer his health appeared sound, but those who knew him more intimately were aware that its state was not satisfactory. In the hope of improving it, he went to Homburgh, in Germany, from whose mineral waters benefit was anticipated. In this, however, his friends were disappointed. The hardships of his African tour had worn out his strength, and rheumatic fever supervening, he rapidly sunk, and departed to his rest on Monday, the 8th of September. His loss will be severely felt by the society he served, and specially by the native tribes of a distant colony, whose character he

had studied, whose wrongs he proclaimed, and to whose service he had dedicated his remaining strength with a simplicity and earnestness characteristic of his integrity.

THE CONGREGATIONAL BOARD OF EDUCATION has been holding a series of meetings in the North of England, which has been attended with triumphant success. On Wednesday, the 10th, a conference and public meeting were convened at Leeds, at which a Board was formed for the county of York, and various arrangements were agreed on for the establishment of district committees. The conference was attended by ministers and laymen from Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, Wakefield, Sheffield, York, Hull, and other places, and the warmest attachment was expressed to the cause of voluntary and religious education. The public meeting was one of the largest ever held in the town, and the disgraceful effort made to misrepresent the movement proved conducive to its success. 'The effect,' says the 'Leeds Mercury,' 'was most beneficial, for the spacious chapel was filled to overflowing.' An admirable paper was read by the Rev. G. W. Conder, on 'Voluntary Education—its position and prospects;' and the spirit which pervaded the gathering was one of cordial harmony and entire confidence. The opening *statement* of Mr. Edward Baines, chairman of the public meeting, established the fact of a rapid advance in the educational statistics of Leeds, and thus proved the competency of the Voluntary system, and the utter groundlessness of the assertions hazarded by the would-be educationists of the day.

But the success of Leeds, though signal, was outdone in Manchester, where a large conference of Sunday-school teachers was held on the 16th; and a more general meeting of the friends of the *Congregational Board* was summoned for the following day. We have not space to enter into details. Gentlemen were present from Cheshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire, as well as from Lancashire; and Mr. Morley, the Treasurer of the Board, having reported that 3,000*l.* was required to complete the purchase and fitting-up of Homerton College as a training school, Mr. George Hadfield, with his accustomed large-heartedness, instantly responded to the appeal by offering 500*l.* towards this amount. His noble example was followed by other gentlemen, and more than the required sum was then and there promised. Never was a more signal proof afforded of the power and elasticity of the Voluntary principle; and the tone of the meeting was as good as its liberality was large. We have been specially gratified by the close adherence to principle which was displayed. Voluntaryism was not mistrusted, much less disparaged, as it has sometimes unhappily been by men bearing our name. It was regarded with a generous and confiding trust, which we deem one of the most hopeful signs of the times. We should be glad to specify the names of those with whose speeches we have been particularly pleased, but where all is so excellent it would be invidious to select. We may be allowed, however, to congratulate Mr. Morley and Mr. Baines on the triumph achieved. To them it must be pre-eminently gratifying, and they well merit the reward. What has occurred at these meetings, deepens our regret that there should be any division amongst the friends of voluntary

education. Why is this? We see no good reason for it, and should cordially hail their union under some general designation.

THE BRITISH ORGANIZATION OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE has recently held a Conference in London, at which were present many gentlemen from various parts of Europe and America. The proceedings of the Conference, which lasted nearly a fortnight, will, we presume, be speedily published in full, and we defer till then any extended notice of them. Our object now is simply to note the fact of such meetings, and to record a cheerful acknowledgment of the many excellent things which were said, and of some admirable papers which were read. Whatever opinion we may hold respecting the *constitution* of the Alliance, we doubt not, that its influence on some minds has been beneficial; though, in other cases, we fear it has been injurious. In the partial reports already given to the public, we observe with pleasure the fearless expression of individual opinion on the part of some members. We were even glad to find that Dr. Baird was listened to with respectful silence, when he lectured the Alliance on the subject of American slavery; though we should have been glad, and think the Association owed it to itself, to follow up his speech in a different tone from that of Mr. Noel and Mr. James. An error, in our judgment, was committed by these estimable men, which may be productive in America of other consequences than they anticipate. It was right to hear Dr. Baird; but having done so, *the whole truth* should have been stated, so that there might be nothing equivocal, nothing that could possibly be wrested to the injury of abolitionism in the proceedings of the Assembly. That such was the case, we have our fears; and we wait for a fuller report, to see whether it was so or not. We have no sympathy with Mr. Garrison, in the views and measures which separate him from many sound Abolitionists; but, under the circumstances of the case, and as a sequence of such a speech as Dr. Baird's, we would not have repudiated the mission of Mr. George Thompson. Had we done so, our repudiation should have been connected with an emphatic and unmistakeable condemnation of many American churches in the matter of slavery.

A VACANCY HAS OCCURRED IN THE REPRESENTATION OF BRADFORD, YORK, and the circumstances which mark the pending contest are sufficiently important to merit a passing notice. At the last election, Mr. Busfield, a Whig, and Colonel Thompson, something more, were returned, by a union of the two sections of the liberal party. The decease of the former gentleman has now created a vacancy, and we are glad to find that the more advanced section of reformers are disposed honorably to fulfil their engagement by concurring in the return of a gentleman, who, while thoroughly liberal, does not in all points come up to their standard. This is as it should be, and we record the fact for the imitation of other constituencies. In Colonel Thompson, Bradford already possesses a veteran reformer, who has faithfully carried into St. Stephen's the principles avowed at the hustings, and has done noble service in trying times and amidst adverse circumstances. At a numerous meeting of electors, it has been resolved to invite Robert Milligan, Esq., to stand for the vacant post, and a



more fitting man, under all the circumstances of the case, could not have been selected. Mr. Milligan is at the head of one of the most respectable firms of the town; has been long and intimately connected with the liberal interest; as a financial and free-trade reformer, he will usually be found beside Messrs. Hume and Cobden; and on ecclesiastical matters his votes will be in harmony with an enlightened and scriptural voluntarism. He is a Dissenter who knows his principles, and will abide by them. As such he was at the Manchester educational conference, and contributed 500*l*. Mr. Milligan will probably be opposed on the Tory side by Mr. Wickham, a gentleman of considerable local influence, and of much personal worth. So far the contest is a fair one, and will be conducted, we hope, in good temper and with manly forbearance. But another candidate has presented himself in the person of Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, who has attained an unenviable notoriety as the author or editor of some of the most noxious cheap publications of the day. Mr. Reynolds assumes to stand on the Chartist interest. He has not the slightest chance of success; but whatever votes he gains, will be subtracted from those of Mr. Milligan. His presence, therefore, is a decided gain to the Tories, while no principle is vindicated, nor any interest, social, political, or religious advanced. The return of such a man, could it be effected, would be a reproach to Bradford, and a serious detriment to the reform cause.

CUBA HAS BEEN THE SCENE OF A SANGUINARY STRUGGLE. A large body of American citizens, in defiance of the prohibition of their own Government, and in open contravention of the law of nations, landed on the island, for the purpose of revolutionizing its political institutions by dis severing it from Spain. The pretence for this invasion was as hollow as the means employed were nefarious. The grossest misrepresentations were circulated, and the wildest passions of an untamed democracy were unscrupulously appealed to. General Lopez, who commanded the expedition, was the soul of the movement, and has now paid dearly for his crimes. From the first, it was apparent that his only chance of success was founded on an extensive revolt of the Creole population. Nothing of this kind, however, occurred, and the invaders consequently met the fate which, as pirates, they had braved. As the 'Times' justly remarked, 'Men who deliberately embark in such enterprises are, by the consent of all nations, placed beyond the protection of the law. They are enemies of the human race; they transgress at one and the same time the laws of their own country, which prohibit and condemn such conspiracies, and the rights of the country they wantonly and desperately invade. They deserve the terrible fate they have encountered as much as the burglar who is shot in attempting to break into a house.' The first prisoners taken by the Spaniards were shot as pirates; and by the intelligence just received, we learn that Lopez himself was arrested on the 29th of August, and two days afterwards was executed by means of an iron collar placed round his neck, which was gradually tightened until death ensued. Of the indignities offered to the corpses of the dead—if such occurred—there cannot be two opinions. The mind turns from the contemplation of such a spectacle with disgust and

loathing. We are very sceptical, however, on this point, as credible witnesses deny the fact. We regard as perfectly chimerical the fears expressed on some hands as to the effect these proceedings may have on the relations of the United States with Spain in the first instance, and with England and France in the second. To adopt the cause of pirates would be to cover themselves with an infamy from which American statesmen will doubtless shrink.

KOSSUTH AND HIS BRAVE COMPANIONS ARE, AT LENGTH, FREE. We need not say how heartily we rejoice in the fact. In common with all classes of our fellow-subjects, we regard his deliverance from Austrian and Russian intrigue with unmingled delight. It is as though some member of our own family—a brother, whom we loved, had escaped from a peril which we deemed fatal. He left the Dardanelles on the 7th, in the *Mississippi* for America, where his residence, we hope, may be brief. In common with vast numbers of our countrymen, we hope to see the illustrious stranger, on his passage to the New World. But in this we may be disappointed. We rejoice in his escape from Kutayah, and trust he may yet live to witness the independence and constitutional freedom of Hungary.

ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE THERE IS LITTLE TO CHEER. France, or rather her government, continues a retrograde policy, with a recklessness which must issue in another revolution. Untaught by past experience, unmindful of solemn obligations, Louis Napoleon is urging on a crisis, at which thoughtful men tremble. A more flagitious instance of ingratitude, a baser return for misplaced confidence, has never been exhibited. The severity of his measures—successful for a moment—is hastening his reward; and when it comes, no honest man will pity the fugitive sufferer. The prosecution of the press is followed up with greater eagerness than in the days of Louis Philippe. It was thought that power had done its utmost, under the Orleans dynasty, to suppress the freedom of political discussion; but the President of a Republic shows an inveteracy of hate, far exceeding his monarchical predecessor. One journal after another has been condemned, while full license is given to Legitimist, Bonapartist, and Catholic organs, which virulently assail the Republican form of government. Two sons of Victor Hugo are in prison—one for writing against capital punishments, and the other for denouncing the Absolutist doctrines of a Ministerial journal. But we must not descend to particulars. The day of retribution cannot be far distant.

A new Alien Act has also been promulged, commanding all foreigners, suspected of disaffection, to leave France at twenty-four hours' notice. The consternation created by this edict of the Minister of the Interior cannot be overrated. The outcry is universal and intense; but so infatuated is the government, that upwards of twenty extra clerks have been engaged, in order to facilitate the issuing of passports. The origin of this movement is notorious. The President is the tool of the Northern Powers, and it remains to be seen whether the French people will permit their ruler to be the executive of Russia, Austria, and Prussia.

AUSTRIA HAS AT LENGTH THROWN OFF THE MASK.—For a time

she was content to play the hypocrite, to make professions she did not cherish, and to be liberal in promises she never intended to fulfil. The farce, however, is now at an end. She has cast away the flimsy veil, and stands out in the nakedness and deformity of despotism. Letters were issued, signed by the Emperor, in August, notifying the abrogation of the constitution of March, 1849, and setting forth that the sovereign is the exclusive depository of power, to whom all functionaries are henceforth to hold themselves solely responsible. We rejoice in the frankness of this avowal. It has the merit of honesty, whatever else it may lack. The spirit of the Schwarzenberg Cabinet has long been known, and it is well that Germany should see what is the faith and policy of the Emperor. The 'Times' is compelled to express 'considerable regret;' and if we do not greatly err, the year 1851 is not the era for such claims to be ultimately ceded. Let the Germans have faith in peaceful and constitutional measures, and they will yet wrest from their reluctant rulers the liberties now threatened.

PRUSSIA IS PLAYING A SUBSIDIARY PART IN THE GAME OF DESPOTISM.—Its feeble and vascillating monarch is now emulating the zeal of his associates in his onslaught on the press, and on religious liberty. For a time, his policy is triumphant. The work of reaction is carried on most vigorously. The popular pulse has, apparently, ceased to beat. There is the silence, if not the torpidity, of the grave; and the silly monarch is probably felicitating himself on the ease with which his end is accomplished. But, in the meantime, there is a terrible preparation going on. The materials of a volcano are gathering, and when once the eruption comes—as come it assuredly will—who can say what dynasties will be overthrown, what institutions will be levelled with the dust. May the rulers of the earth learn wisdom before the pent-up wrath of their people forces for itself so destructive an explosion.

THE NEAPOLITAN GOVERNMENT has at length, it would seem, prepared a rejoinder to Mr. Gladstone's Letters. In this a great point is gained. The mere fact of their pleading at the bar of Europe, is indicative of the mighty revolution which has taken place. Kings and statesmen cannot now maintain the reserve which was formerly their strength. They must speak in self-defence, and we sit in judgment on their performance. The channel through which the rejoinder has reached us is too doubtful to allow of our deciding on its character. We wait for fuller information, and will merely remark at present, that something more than denials required to unsettle the judgment which has been pronounced.



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